THE MERRY, SAILOR'S.

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THE SAILOR's JESTER;

OR,

MERRY LAD's COMPANION:

A DIVERTING, DROLL AND ENTERTAINING

COLLECTION OF

FUNNY JESTS, STRANGE ADVENTURES,
WITTY REPLIES, WONDERFUL HISTORIES,
LAUGHABLE TALES, DANGEROUS ESCAPES,

OF THE

BRAVE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND,

FROM THE CAPTAIN TO THE CABIN BOY:

Being a conſtant Companion for a Merry Sailor, who over a Can of Grog is telling how he ſinged the Whiſkers of a Don, and tripped up the Heels of a Monſieur.

THE WHOLE BEING

A DIVERTING FRIEND BETWEEN THE WATCHES.

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THE SAILOR's JESTER;

OR,

MERRY LAD's COMPANION.

A COUNTRYMAN paſſing St. Paul's church, aſked a tar whom he met, what thoſe figures were at the Weſt front? To which the ſailor anſwered, 'The twelve Apoſtles.' 'How the devil can that be,' replied the other, 'when 'when there are but ſix of them? 'D—m my eyes,' ſays the tar, '*would you have them all on deck at once?*'

Two negroes meeting in a dram-ſhop called for a bowl of grog. When it was made, one fellow took up the bowl and after drinking two-thirds of the contents, cries, Hem! hem! hem! Maſſa, dis here too trong, *do put little more water here.*' 'Tay, Maſſa,' ſays the other, 'no be in ſuch dam hurre, *let me cry hem too!*

Among the tombs in Weſtminſter Abbey is one to the memory of H—r——e, a Nabob, who is ſaid to have acquired a large fortune in the Eaſt by diſhonorable means. His ambition and his money conducted him into this repoſitory of deceaſed nobility, and erected a firſt-rate monument over him. This monument deſcribes the reſurrection. The earth and the ſkies are tumbling to pieces, while the angel above is ſounding the laſt trumpet. The defunct is repreſented as riſing from the grave with aſtoniſhment in his face, and opens a curtain to ſee what is the matter. Some Weſtminſter wag wrote under the figure,

Lie ſtill, if your wife;
You'll be damn'd if you riſe!

The late King, it is well known, was fond of old Whiſton: he was walking one day with him in Hampton Court gardens during the heat of his perſecutions. 'Mr. Whiſton,' ſaid he, 'you may, perhaps, be right in your opinions, but it would be better if you kept them to yourſelf.' 'Is your Majeſty really ſerious in your advice?' aſked the old man. 'I am,' replied the King. 'Then,' ſaid Whiſton, 'I am ſorry for it:—*had Martin Luther been of your way of thinking, where would your Majeſty have been at this time.*

In a party who piqued themſelves upon being men of wit and genius, one of them, who, however, was nothing more than a pretender after many ineffectual attempts, at length ſet the table in a roar, by a moſt execrable pun; he joined in the laugh, and fancied he had *now* been very ſucceſsful, when a gentleman turning to Lord Cheſterfield, aſked his Lordſhip, what was his opinion of *punning* in general? To which his Lordſhip replied, 'I conceive *punning* has a double advantage in company; for a very good pun makes one laugh, and a very bad one makes one laugh ſtill more, *as was the caſe juſt now!* But,' ſaid

ſaid he, 'an indifferent pun is the *moſt indifferent of indifferent things*; having neither ſalt enough to make one ſmile, or ſtupidity enough to excite the riſible muſcles at the author; and may therefore be ſtiled the dregs of wit, the ſediment of humour, and the *caput mortuum* of common ſenſe.'

Judge Clayton was allowed to be a very honeſt man, but it was univerſally acknowledged, that he never ſhone as a Lawyer. Soon after he was raiſed to the Iriſh Bench, he happened to dine in company with Counſellor Harwood, celebrated for his brogue, wit, and deep knowledge of his profeſſion. Clayton liked his glaſs, and having drank pretty freely, began to make ſome obſervations on the Laws of Ireland: 'In my country,' (England) ſaid he, 'the acts of the ſenate are numerous, but one is found to be a key to the other. In Ireland it is juſt the contrary, your laws are ſo contradictory, that I proteſt *I don't underſtand them.*' 'True, my Lord,' cried Harwood, '*that is what we all ſay.*'

The late Mr. Wilbraham uſed frequently to ſay, he wiſhed to continue at the bar only till he acquired one hundred thouſand pounds, and then he would retire into the country: he obtained the ſum he wiſhed for, and afterwards built Road Hall, a very magnificent ſeat in Cheſhire where he retired. One day as the great lawyer but unlearned ſportſman, was, with a party of friends, a courſing, he diſcovered a hare ſitting at a ſmall diſtance: the unſkilful hunter being better accuſtomed to the rules of Weſtminſter-hall than the diverſions of the field, immediately uncoupled the dogs to ſtart them at the heels of Mrs. Puſs. A farmer paſſing by, obſerving the unfairneſs of the hunter, exclaimed aloud, *Maſter, Maſter, give law, give law.* '*No, no, my friend,*' replied the lawyer, *if I had given Law, I had never built Road-Hall!*'

The late Doctor Flamſtead was many years Aſtronomer Royal at Greenwich Obſervatory; a humoriſt, and of warm paſſions. Perſons of his profeſſion are often ſuppoſed, by the common people, to be capable of foretelling events. In this perſuaſion a poor waſher-woman at Greenwich, who had been robbed at night of a large parcel of linen, to her almoſt ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earneſtly requeſted him to uſe his art to let her know where her things were, and who robbed her. The Doctor happened to be in the humour to joke; he bid her ſtay, he would ſee what he could do, perhaps he might let her know where ſhe might find them, but who the perſons were he could not undertake: as ſhe could have no proof to convict them it would be uſeleſs. He then ſet about drawing circles, ſquares, &c. to amuſe her; and, after ſome time, told her, if ſhe would go into a particular field, that in ſuch a part of it, in a dry ditch, ſhe would find them bundled up in a ſheet. The women went and found them; came with great haſte and joy to thank the Doctor, and offered him half a crown as a token of gratitude, being as much as ſhe could afford. The Doctor, ſurpriſed himſelf, told her, *Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your linen, but I aſſure you I knew nothing of it, and intended only to joke with you, and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any perſon to know events not in the human power to tell: but I ſee the devil has a mind I ſhould deal with him—I am determined I will not; ſo never come, or ſend any one to me any more, on ſuch occaſions, for I will never attempt ſuch an affair again whilſt I live.* This ſtory Doctor Flamſtead told to the late reverend and learned Mr. Whiſton.

The Rev. Mr. Hagemore, of Calthorp, Leiceſterſhire, died the 1ſt of January, 1746. poſſeſſed of the following effects, viz. £700 per annum and £1000 in money, which (he dying inteſtate) fell to a Ticket Porter in London.

He kept one ſervant of each ſex, whom he locked up every night. His laſt employment in an evening was to go

go round his premiſes, let looſe his dogs, and fire his gun. He loſt his life as follows. Going one morning to let out his ſervants, the dogs fawned upon him ſuddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was breaſt high. The ſervants heard him call out for aſſiſtance, but, being locked up, could not lend him any.

He had thirty gowns and caſſocks, fifty-eight dogs, one hundred pair of breeches, one hundred pair of boots, four hundred pair of ſhoes, eighty wigs, (yet always wore his own hair) eighty waggons and carts, eighty ploughs, (and uſed none) fifty ſaddles and furniture for the menage, thirty wheel barrows, ſo many walking-ſticks, that a Toy-man in Leiceſter-fields bid his Executor eight pounds for them, ſixty horſes and mares, three hundred pick-axes, two hundred ſpades and ſhovels, ſeventy-five ladders, and two hundredand forty razors.

The late Duke of Newcaſtle, it is generally known, was very fond of wit; and it frequently happened that men of wit and talents obtained great favours from him by a ſprightly idea or ſaying, which could not be obtained by any other means. A certain author of that period having been told his Grace's weak ſide, waited on him one morning early in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and having obtained admiſſion, by ſtating his buſineſs to be of the utmoſt importance, addreſſed his Grace as follows:—'Having the honor of being related to you Grace, and knowing that you have many good things in your gift, I preſume to wait on you to claim the relationſhip, and ſolicit your bounty in my behalf.' 'I beg your pardon,' replied the Duke, 'but as I have not the honor of knowing you, will you inform me how you are related?' '*I need not inform your Grace,*' ſaid the ſtranger, '*that we are all related by Adam.*' 'Very true,' again replied his Grace, 'I acknowledge the tie; and *in conſideration of it, beg your acceptance of this halfpenny. And be aſſured, that if every one who is as nearly related to you as I am, will give you as much you will not have farther occaſion to ſolicit my bounty.*' This conduct ſo

confounded the man of wit, that he retired without uttering another word.

When Marſhal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough, in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, 'My Lord Duke,' ſays the Marſhal, 'you have beaten today the beſt troops in the world.' '*I hope*,' replied the Duke, '*you except thoſe who have had the honor of beating them.*'

The late Sir Patrick Blake was once in company where a nobleman (ſince dead) was relating many wonderful accounts of echos, which he had heard abroad; more particularly one in the ruins of a temple, on the Appian way, about twelve miles from Rome, which, he ſaid, *repeated any words ſeventy times.* 'That replied Sir Patrck, (who had liſtened with great attention to much more than he believed) is nothing wonderful. There is an echo on my brother's eſtate, near the Lake of Killarney, in Ireland, to which I have frequently ſaid, '*Good morrow, Madam Echo!*' and it was immediately anſwered, '*Good morrow Sir Patrick Blake, how do you do?*' The nobleman never afterwards told his wonderful tales of echos when Sir Patrick was preſent.

Haſſan, Captain Pacha, was one of the greateſt men that ever commanded the Turkiſh fleets. Though ſeventy years of age, his mental and corporeal faculties ſeemed not the leaſt impaired by time. In an engagement when a ſhip was boarded, he and his ſecond were principally active in clearing the decks of the enemy. A Calmouk ſeized him by the garment, and drew the trigger of his piſtol at him, but it miſſed fire, and he was inſtantly cut down by the valiant old Muſſelman. His ſecond was almoſt as ſingular a character as he was. Their knowledge of each other aroſe from the following incident. The captain being informed of a ſudden tumult near the ſeraglio, ordered his caique, and on his arrival at the place

ſaw

ſaw a crowd of riotous people, with a deſperate fellow at their head. Though unarmed, he immediately ruſhed forward to ſeize him. 'Stop,' ſaid the other, preſenting his piſtol, 'I know thee, Captain Pacha, and know too that my life is in danger; a ſtep farther and thou dieſt' Aſtoniſhed at his temerity, but not terrified by the menace, (for the heart of Haſſan was ſenſible of fear) he drew up, and viewing his opponent from head to foot with a countenance in the act of changing from anger to admiration: 'Bold fellow!' ſaid he, 'yield them, and truſt to me.' At the word, the piſtol dropt from the other's hand, and he threw himſelf at the pacha's feet, who raiſed him from the ground, and ever after employed him as his lieutenant. One brave man will always love another. It is ſaid that Haſſan was formerly a ſlave in Spain, having been taken on board an Algerine corſair. His partiality for the Engliſh nation was remarkable. In the laſt war if he heard of any naval combat between us and our enemies, he never would believe we were vanquiſhed.

When Doctor Bently was appointed Maſter of Trinity College, Cambridge, the Fellows of that ſociety did not approve the nomination, and determined, at all events, to reſiſt his admiſſion into his office. For this purpoſe, upon the Doctor's arrival at Cambridge, they ordered the College gates to be kept ſhut day and night, and on no account to be opened. Theſe orders were ſo punctually obeyed, that the Doctor was obliged to take up his abode for a time with the Maſter of St. John's. On the following Sunday he preached before the Univerſity, at St. Mary's, and choſe for his text the words of the Apoſtle, '*By the help of God I will climb over the wall.* This the Doctor in the courſe of the night actually did, by paſſing the wall between St. John's and Trinity, into the garden of the lodge of the latter, and by that means getting into the lodge itſelf. The next morning he called the fellows to-

gether, and compelled them to proceed to the chapel, and ſwear him into his office.'

His Grace the Duke of Leinſter, having a particular friendſhip for a young banker in Dublin, ariſing from his love of patriotiſm and general good character, returned him for one of his boroughs; and when the latter waited on him to thank him for his favor, his Grace addreſſed him in the following manner: 'Sir, I have returned you for this borough becauſe I think you a *good private character*, and a man fit to ſerve your country. I have, however, one condition to make with you in return; which is, *that in every parliamentary diſcuſſion whatever, you never conſider yourſelf in the leaſt connected with me, or my intereſts.*'

It is well known that the late Mr. Gibbon wrote a Life of Himſelf We give the following curious extract from it, by which it appears, that he at one time was on the eve of marrying the celebrated Madame Neckar.

'I heſitate, from the apprehenſion of ridicule, when I approach the delicate ſubject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry without hope or deſign, which has originated in the ſpirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I underſtand by this paſſion the union of deſire, friendſhip, and tenderneſs, which is inflamed by a ſingle female, which prefers her to the reſt of her ſex, and which ſeeks poſſeſſion as the ſupreme or the ſole happineſs of our being. I need not bluſh at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was diſappointed of ſucceſs, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling ſuch a pure and exalted ſentiment. The perſonal attractions of Madam Suſan Curchod, were embelliſhed by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was reſpectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preſered her religion to her country. The profeſſion of her father did not extinguiſh the moderation

moderation and philoſophy of his temper, and he lived content with a ſmall ſalary and laborious duty, in the obſcure lot of Miniſter of Craſſy, in the mountains that ſeparate the Pays de Vaud from the country of Burgundy. In the ſolitude of a ſequeſtered village he beſtowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She ſurpaſſed his hopes by her proficiency in the ſciences and languages; and in her ſhort viſits to ſome relations at Lauſanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Madamoiſelle Curchod, were the theme of univerſal applauſe. The report of ſuch a prodigy awakened my curioſity. I ſaw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in converſation, pure in ſentiment, and elegant in manners; and the firſt ſudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make two or three viſits at her father's houſe. I paſſed ſome happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy; and her parents honorably encouraged the connexion. In a calm retirement, the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her boſom. She liſtened to the voice of truth and paſſion, and I might preſume to hope that I had made ſome impreſſion on a virtuous heart. At Craſſy and Lauſanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England, I ſoon diſcovered that my father would not hear of this ſtrange alliance, and that without his conſent I was myſelf deſtitute and helpleſs. After a painful ſtruggle, I yielded to my fate; I ſighed as a lover, I obeyed as a ſon: my wound was inſenſibly healed by time, abſence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulneſs of the lady herſelf, and my love ſubſided into friendſhip and eſteem. The Miniſter of Craſſy ſoon afterwards died; his ſtipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young Indies, ſhe earned a hard ſubſiſtence for herſelf and her mother; but in her loweſt diſtreſs ſhe maintained a ſpotleſs reputation and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citi-

zen of Geneva, had the good fortune, and good ſenſe, to diſcover and poſſeſs this ineſtimable treaſure; and in the capital of taſte and luxury ſhe reſiſted the temptations of wealth, as ſhe had ſuſtained the hardſhips of indigence. The genius of her huſband has exalted him to the moſt conſpicuous ſtation in Europe. In every change of proſperity and diſgrace, he has reclined on the boſom of a faithful friend, and Madamoiſelle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, of France.'

In the reign of Charles the Second, Lord Lauderdale coming one day to court, in Lord Rocheſter's week of waiting, deſired admittance to his Majeſty, was refuſed, and told by Rocheſter, that he was very ill: Lauderdale came conſtantly every day during Rocheſter's week, and as regularly received the ſame anſwer; at which being ſurpriſed, he aſked Rocheſter what was the nature of his Majeſty's illneſs? who told him, the *King had got a ſore noſe*. Lauderdale came to court the next day, and, another Lord being in waiting, was immediately introduced to the preſence chamber: the King expreſſed his amazement at not ſeeing him for ſo many days, and on being informed of the impediment, the King called for Rocheſter, and demanded his reaſons for ſaying he had got a ſore noſe. Rocheſter replied, '*May it pleaſe your Majeſty, had I been led ſo long by the noſe as you have been by Lauderdale, I am ſure mine would have been ſore; ſo I conceived it at leaſt my duty to deny all acceſs to the immediate cauſe of your Majeſty's diſorder.*

Quin went one morning to a friend of his, who had built a new houſe at Bath, before it was quite finiſhed; when being affected in a certain natural way, after having inquired of the ſervant if his maſter was at home, and being anſwered in the negative. 'Well,' ſaid he, 'however, ſhew me your *little houſe*.' 'Yes, Sir,' replied the ſervant, 'the houſe is ſmall, but very compact.' 'I

mean,' continued Quin, 'your *neceſſary houſe*.' 'Yes, Sir,' replied the ſervant, 'I believe my maſter will find it very neceſſary, when he comes down, and much better than lodgings.' 'Your *convenience*, I mean,' Quin ſaid. 'Very convenient I can aſſure you,' ſtill continued the ſervant. Quin, no longer able to contain himſelf, cried, with ſome emphaſis, 'G—d d—mn you you raſcal,' ſhew me *your ſhit-houſe*, or by G—d I ſhall befoul my breeches.' 'O Lord, Sir,' ſaid the ſervant, '*that is not built yet!*'

A phyſician, boaſting his great knowledge in his profeſſion, ſaid he never heard any complaints from his patients: to which a wit replied, '*Very likely, Doctor, for the faults of Phyſicians are generally buried with their patients.*'

A gentleman admired for his wit, but whoſe great fault was, that he would rather loſe his friend than his jeſt, having made ſome verſes upon a ſcolding wife, his patron and banefactor hearing them repeated, deſired the favor of a copy of them: to whom he imprudently though wittily replied, ''*Tis needleſs to give you a copy, Doctor, for you have the original.*'

A gentleman going to take water at Whitehall ſtairs, cried out as he came near the place, 'Who can ſwim?' 'I maſter,' ſaid forty bawling mouths, when the gentleman obſerving one ſlinking away, called after him; but the fellow turning about, ſaid, 'Sir, I cannot ſwim.' 'Then you are my man,' ſaid the gentleman, '*for you will at leaſt take care of me for your own ſake.*

When a certain celebrated phyſician firſt ſet up his coach he conſulted with a friend about the choice of a motto. 'What are your arms?' ſaid the wit. 'Three mallards,' cried the Doctor. 'Very good,' ſays the wit, 'why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *quack! quack! quack!*'

A certain Kentiſh nobleman being in company with ſome Scotch officers, was bragging of the ſituation of his villa, and the pleaſantneſs of the country in general, but above all inſiſted upon his peculiar happineſs (as he had a muſical ear) in having ſuch a multitude of *nightingales* about him. 'Nightingales!' ſays a bonny Scot, 'we have an infinity of them near Edinburgh.' 'Sir,' replied his Lordſhip, 'I thought thoſe birds had never reached ſo far North; pray what ſort of a thing is a nightingale?' 'My Lord,' rejoins the Scotchman, '*it is aboot the bugneſs of a pudgeon, and has a head like a cat, and cries, whoo! whoo! whoe!*'

Two ſailors being in company together, were relating the moſt remarkable accidents that happened in their voyage. One ſwore that he had found it ſo exceſſive hot in going to Guinea that they needed no fire to boil their kettle, but dreſſed all their meat above deck in the ſunſhine; and could bake, boil, fry, or ſtew, as well as at a large fire! The other ſaid, he never was in ſo hot a climate as that; but I have been ſo many degrees to the northward where it has been ſo cold it has fozen our words in our mouths, that we could not hear one another ſpeak, till we came into a warmer latitude to thaw them, and then all our diſcourſes broke out together, like a clap of thunder, that there never was ſuch a confuſion of tongues heard at Babel. Well, ſays his companion, that's very ſtrange, but I have known ſtranger things to be true. I was once ſitting upon my cheſt between decks, taking the cincks out of a pig's tail, when a beam of lightning darted in, melted one of the guns, went through a pair of buckſkin breeches I had on, and burnt the lappets of a blue ſhirt to tinder, hiſſed as it came out like a rattleſnake, but did my body no manner of damage.

A gentleman paſſing over a cauſeway in the country, which parted two waters, and was not railed on either ſide

ſide to ſecure paſſengers from falling in caſe of their feet ſlipping, ſays to a countryman whom he overtook. 'Methinks this narrow cauſeway muſt be dangerous, honeſt friend: pray are not people loſt here ſometimes?' 'Loſt! anſwered the fellow, 'I never knew any body *loſt* here in my life; there have indeed been *ſeveral drowned, but they were always found again.*'

During the time of General Belliſle's confinement in Windſor Caſtle, as a party of ſoldiers were marching there, to be ſet as guards over him, a gentleman meeting them on the road, aſked where they were going, and upon what buſineſs? When one of the officers, fond of punning, replied, '*We are going to Windſor to keep a General Faſt.*

In the heat of an engagement a ſailor took his wounded comrade on his ſhoulders, and carrying him down to the ſurgeon, the fellow in his way loſt his head. 'Why,' ſays the ſurgeon, 'do you bring me a man without a head?' 'Odſo,' ſays the ſailor, '*he told me he had only loſt his leg, but he was always a lying dog.*

A gentleman aſked a ſhepherd, whether a ſmall river might be paſſed over? 'Yes,' replied the ſhepherd. The gentleman ſtepping ſlipt in up to his ſhoulders, and immediately crawled back again. 'Why, you rogue,' ſaid he, 'did not you tell me it might be paſſed over?' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays he, 'I thought ſo, *for my geeſe go over and back again every day, and I did not doubt but you were as wiſe as a gooſe.*

Doctor Johnſon happening to ſit in a coffee-room, where a dog was troubleſome, he bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of buſineſs he forgot it. The dog continuing to peſter him, he ſaid, if the waiter did not kick

kick the dog out, he would kick him out. 'Sir,' ſaid a young coxcomb, 'I perceive you are not fond of dogs?' 'No,' ſaid the Doctor, '*nor of puppies neither!*'

A citizen's wife being in the country, and ſeeing a gooſe that had many goſlings, 'How is it poſſible,' ſaid ſhe, '*that one gooſe ſhould ſuckle ſo many goſlings?*'

A gentleman who was very moroſe and ill natured at home, in his family, was remarkable facetious and merry abroad, inſomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went; which occaſioned a lady once at a merry meeting where he was, to ſay to one preſent, who knew him well, 'Surely if that gentleman is married, his wife muſt be extremely happy, for he is quite the fiddle of the company.' 'Very true, Madam,' ſays the perſon ſhe ſpoke to, *but he always hangs his fiddle up at the door when he goes home.*'

A clergyman of a facetious turn of mind, who lived in Suſſex, a coaſt on which ſhipwrecks have frequently happened, and where, upon ſuch occaſions, the inhabitants, inſtead of aſſiſting the unfortunate in their diſtreſs, uſed to plunder all they could lay hands on, and treat the people ill; and were ſo keen at the news of a wreck, that they would leave all manner of buſineſs to plunder. A misfortune of this kind happening one Sunday during the time of divine ſervice, the alarm was given, '*A wreck! a wreck!*' upon which they began to ſcamper out with precipitation, which the parſon obſerving, opened the pulpit door, and walking down the pulpit ſtairs, called out at the ſame time with a loud voice, 'Brethren let me entreat you to hear five words more.' They turned about with impatient attention, to hear what the preacher had to ſay; who making haſtily up to them, ſaid, '*now let's all ſtart fair!*' which odd behaviour had the deſired effect, as his preſence prevented confiſcation.

A

A man paying a viſit to ſome friends in the North of Ireland, they made him very welcome, but cauſed him to drink ſo very hard, that he wiſhed himſelf at home again, ſaying, 'he was ſure that if he *lived there long he ſhould die ſoon.*

On a benefit night at the Theatre, many particular friends of the Actor were let in at a private door, before the great doors were opened, which when diſcovered, a gentleman cried out, iu a paſſion, '*It is a ſhame they ſhould fill the houſe full of people, before any body came!*'

A well beneficed old parſon being in a large company, at a public dinner, he entertained them with nothing elſe than the ſituation and profits of his parochial livings, which laſt he ſaid he kept entirely to himſelf. The company in general deſpiſed him too much to make any remarks on his egotiſms; but one of the party obſerving the parſon as he ſtretched acroſs the table to ſhew a pair of very dirty yellow hands, he wittily replied, '*So, ſo, Doctor, I think you do keep your Glebe in your own hands.*

During the American war his Majeſty's ſhip Atlas was built, and, owing to ſome miſmanagement, the globe was placed ſo high that the bowſprit could not be fitted in without cutting part away: the carpenter was an American, who cut out a ſufficient part for that purpoſe, which proved on inſpection to be North America.

A certain divine was preſented to a good living by the Lord Chancellor: on his waiting on him to thank him for his kindneſs, the chancellor and his lady joked the parſon on his ſoon altering his ſtate, and taking to him a wife. 'No, no, my Lord,' ſays Chiſwick, '*you have given me Plenty, and I'll take care to have Peace.*'

Lady —— ſpoke to the butler to be ſaving of an excellent tun of ſmall beer, and aſked him how it might be

be ſt

beſt preſerved, 'I know no method ſo effectual, my Lady,' replies the butler, '*as placing a barrel of good ale by it.*'

An Engliſh and French gentleman had a diſpute which nation moſt excelled in wit; the Engliſhman inſiſted that it was common amongſt the very mob; and to convince Monſieur of the ſuperiority, he took him to Charing-Croſs where a man then ſtood in the pillory, for keeping a diſorderly houſe: but the populace looking on it as an inconſiderable offence, they did not throw any thing at, or ill treat him, as is uſual for crimes of a different nature; therefore the fellow ſtood quite eaſy and unconcerned, and lifted the upper part of the pillor ſometimes higher, and then let it lower again, juſt to ſuit himſelf. Upon which one of the ſpectators, who ſtood there with a load upon his head, ſeeing the offender ſo dexterous, ſaid, 'D—mn it, tis my opinion this fellow has ſerved his time to the pillory, *he is ſo handy about it*' To which a droll rogue, in a leather apron, replied, 'ſerved his time to it; You may be ſure he has, don't you ſee he has *ſet up for himſelf?*' 'Set up?' ſays another, 'how can he be *ſet up* when he *ſtands?*' 'Why, you fooliſh dog, rejoined the ſecond who ſpoke, 'don't you know it is a *ſtanding buſineſs?*' Then a fellow in a woolen cap called out to the man in the pillory, 'Harkee, cockey,' ſays he, 'had you not rather the jokes ſhould fly about than the rotten eggs?' 'Aye ſure, maſter,' replied the man, 'though it was on account of ſome ſort of jokes I got *my head in this hole.* At this time came a fiſh woman, who added one more to the aſſembly; when a porter accoſts her with, 'Well, Moll, what brought you here?' To which ſhe returned, '*Curioſity and my legs,* Jack, now I hope the fool's anſwered.' 'Fool,' ſays the fellow, 'what do you mean by that, you ſlut?' 'Why,' rejoined ſhe, 'you muſt be a fool becauſe you can neither *read nor write.*' 'Very true,' anſwered the porter, 'but I can *ſet my mark!*' and immediately ſtriking her in the face,

face, gave her *a black eye*. This brought on a battle between the porter and a man who took the woman's part, when the Frenchman ſeeing them fight like bull dogs, ſaid, '*the Engliſh ſhine in war as well as wit.*'

A lady that married a gentleman who was a tolerable good poet, one day ſitting alone with him, ſaid, 'Come, my dear, you write upon other people, pr'ythee write ſomething for me.—Let me ſee what epitaph you'll beſtow on me when dead?' 'Oh! my dear,' replied he, 'that's a melancholy ſubject, don't think of it.' 'Nay, upon my life you ſhall,' ſays ſhe, 'come, I'll begin,

'*Here lies Bid.*'

To which he anſwered,

'*Ah! I wiſh ſhe did.*'

An Iriſh officer in Minorca was found by a gentleman who came to viſit him in a morning, a little ruffled, and being aſked the reaſon, he replied he had loſt a pair of fine black ſilk ſtockings out of his room, that coſt him eighteen ſhillings; but he hoped he ſhould get them again for he had ordered them to be cried, with a reward of half a crown for the perſon who brought them. His friend obſerving that this was too poor a recompence for ſuch a pair of ſilk ſtockings. 'Pooh! man,' replied he, '*I directed the cryer to ſay they were worſtead.*'

A facetious canon of Windſor, taking his evening walk as uſual into the town, met one of the vicars at the caſtle gate, returning home ſomewhat elevated with generous port. 'So,' ſays the canon, 'from whence came you?' 'I do not know, Mr. Canon,' replies the Vicar, 'I have been *ſpinning* out this afternoon with a few friends.'—'Aye, and now,' ſays the Cannon, 'you are *reeling it home.*'

8

An arch boy being at table where there was a piping hot apple pye, putting a bit into his mouth, burnt it ſo that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that ſat by aſked him why he wept. 'Only,' ſaid he, 'becauſe it has juſt come into my remembrance, that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth.' 'Pooh!' ſays the other, 'is that all?' So whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly ſympathized with the boy; who ſeeing his eyes brim full, with a ſly leer aſked him why he wept. '*A pox on you*,' ſaid he, '*becauſe you were not hanged the day your grandmother died.*'

One of the bloods of Cambridge, in the grove, joined company with ſome ladies who were walking; and aſking one of them, who was *crooked*, from whence ſhe came: ſhe replied, '*Straight* from London.' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid he, 'then you muſt have been confoundedly *warped by the way.*'

A well known perſon of an odd turn of humour riding on horſeback near Bath, happened to meet another equally odd, in a lane ſo narrow that neither could paſs without one gave way, which neither would do. Both made a halt, and not a ſingle word was ſpoken, till the firſt mentioned deliberately pulled a news-paper out of his pocket, and began reading it to himſelf with the utmoſt compoſure: when the other, determined to ſhew an equal degree of patience and obſtinacy, leiſurely took a pinch of ſnuff and very gravely accoſted him, '*Sir, when you have done with the paper, I ſhould be glad to look at it.*' Which ſo pleaſed the humouriſt, that he imediately pulled off his ſpectacles and ſeized him by the hand, declaring at the ſame time, that he ſhould go home and dine with him.

In the reign of Queen Anne, Lord B—— married three wives, who were all his ſervants. A beggar woman meeting him one day in the ſtreet, made a very low curtſey. 'Ah!

'Ah! God Almighty bleſs you,' ſaid ſhe, 'and ſend you a long life: if you live long enough we ſhall all be ladies in time'

An Oxford Vintner complaining to his man that there were no bottles left, though he had laid in a large ſtock ſo lately. 'No wonder,' ſays the fellow, '*thoſe that were meaſure you broke, and all that were not meaſure the ſcholars have broke.*'

A droll fellow who had a wooden leg, being in company with one who was ſomething ſoft and credulous, the latter aſked the former how he came to have a wooden leg. 'Why,' ſays the fellow, 'my father had one, and my grandfather before him; *it runs in the blood.*'

A droll fellow who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs and about the country, was one day met by an acquaintance that had not ſeen him a long time, who accoſted him with, 'Bleſs me, what are you alive?' 'Why not,' anſwered the fidler, 'did you ſend any body to kill me?' 'No,' replies the other, 'but I was told you was dead.' 'Aye, ſo it was reported, it ſeems,' ſays the fidler, '*but I knew it was a lie as ſoon as I heard it.*'

Two gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, riding through the Old Bailey, after making ſome remarks on the compact ſtructure put up occaſionally for excutions, the one remarked, 'it would be a very pretty tenement if it had but a *Garret.*' 'True,' replied the other, 'but you know there muſt be *Chambers firſt.*'

An occuliſt waiting on a lady, with whom he was particularly intimate, told her, '*he knew her thoughts by her eyes.*' 'Do you,' ſays ſhe, 'them I am ſure you will *keep them ſecret, for they are no way to your advantage.*'

An

An honeſt Highlander walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry out, 'Rogue Scot! Rogue Scot! his northern blood fired at the inſult, he drew his broad ſword, and looking round him on every ſide to diſcover the object of his indignation; at laſt he found it came from a parrot perched in a balcony within his reach. But the generous Scot diſdaining to ſtain his truſty blade with ſuch ignoble blood, puts up his ſword again, with a ſour ſmile, ſaying, '*Gin ye were a mon, as ye're a green gooſe, I would ſplit your weem.*'

A Scotch bag-piper traveling in Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood ſide, and ſat down to dinner: he had no ſooner ſaid grace than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his proviſion was all gone; at length he took up his bagpipes and began to play, at which the wolves ſat off into the wood again. '*The de'el ſaw me,*' *ſaid Sawney, an I had ken'd ye loved muſic ſo, ye ſhould have had it before dinner.*'

A dignified clergyman going down to his living, to ſpend the ſummer, met near his houſe a comical old chimney ſweeper, with whom he uſed to chat 'So John,' ſays the Doctor, 'from whence came you?' 'From your houſe,' ſays Mr. Soot; 'for this morning I have ſwept all your chimneys.' 'How many were there?' ſays the Doctor. 'No leſs than twenty,' quoth John. 'Well, and how much a chimney have you?' 'Only a ſhilling a piece, Sir.' 'Why then,' quoth the Doctor, 'you have earned a great deal of money in a little time?' '*Yes, yes, Sir,*' ſays John, throwing his bag of ſoot over his ſhoulder, '*we black coats get our money eaſy enough!*'

An Engliſh gentleman being taken ill of a yellow fever, at Jamaica, a lady who had married in that Iſland, indirectly hinted to him, in the preſence of an Iriſh phyſician that attended him, the propriety of making his

will, in a country where people were ſo apt to die. The phyſician thinking his judgment called in queſtion, tartly replied, '*By Jaſus, Madam, I wiſh you would tell me that country where people do not die, and I will go and end my days there.*'

A judge in the preſent circuit was met by an old acquaintance on the road, juſt as he had left an aſſize town, who aſked him what buſineſs there had been on his (the criminal) ſide. 'We have had but nine convictions,' ſaid he, 'in all, and they were every one for *inferior* crimes.' Now it may be proper to aſk the learned gentleman what they would call *ſuperior crimes?* Doubtleſs ſome ſuch ſilly diſtinction operated upon the mind of the late young Weſton; who, at the place of execution, rejected the earneſt deſire of his fellow ſufferer to ſhake hands with him, turning from him when he held them out to him as far as his barnacled condition would allow him. This poor wretch, Colin Reculus by name, was caſt for forging a note of five pounds; Weſton for a great many thouſands.

Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had no noſe, going along the Mews one day, a beggar-woman followed him, ſaying, 'God preſerve your eye-ſight' 'Why, good woman,' ſays he, 'doſt thou pray ſo much for my eye-ſight?' 'Aye, dear Sir,' anſwered the woman, 'if it pleaſe God you grow dim ſighted, *you have no place to hang your ſpectacles upon.*

When Count St. Evremond, whoſe writings are ſo well known in the literary world, was dangerouſly ill, and had not enjoyed any ſleep for a long time, a conſultation of phyſicians was held, to think of ſome means to procure him reſt; which he being ſenſible of, called them to his bed-ſide, and told them he knew the buſineſs they were upon, and believed he had himſelf thought of the moſt effectual

fectual remedy to procure ſound ſleep. They liſtened with attention to hear what he had to offer; when he deſired them to ſend for a certain preacher, who was remarkable for his dullneſs, ſaying, '*I don't remember that I ever heard that gentleman preach but I fell faſt aſleep before the ſermon was half ended.*'

A Lord Lieutenant going to Ireland with his lady and family, was, in his paſſage, overtaken by a violent ſtorm, that the mariners themſelves gave the veſſel over for loſt, and expected every moment that ſhe would either founder or go aſhore. At this juncture, a ſailor obſerving one of the menial ſervants ſtanding pale with fear at the cabin-door, came up to him and aſked him, 'Have you ever lain with a Ducheſs?' 'No,' ſays the poor fellow, frighted at ſuch waggery in ſuch a dangerous time. 'Why then,' ſays the tar, 'you have that pleaſure to come, for *by God we ſhall all lay with her Grace in leſs than half an hour.*' The Duke, who overheard this, when the ſtorm abated and the danger was over, ſent the fellow a handſome preſent, and forgave the freedom of the joke for the ſake of the wit.

Sometime after the concluſion of the laſt war, a young American was preſent in a Britiſh playhouſe, where an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. a number of American officers being introduced in tattered uniforms, and barefoot, the queſtion was put to them ſeverally, 'What was your trade before you entered into the army?' One anſwered, '*a taylor*, another *a cobler*, &c. The wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themſelves clothed and ſhod; but before that could be expreſſed, the American exclaimed from the gallery, '*Great Britain beaten by taylors and ſhoe makers! huzza!*—' Even the prime miniſter, who was preſent, could not help ſmiling amidſt a general peal of laughter.

A perſon one day meeting old Beveridge, aſked him how he did? Beveridge replied, if I anſwer you in Latin, I am *ſic, ſic*; if in Engliſh, *ſo, ſo*. Well done, my old friend, ſays he, I think that is a good *ſo ſo* ſort of a pun.

A wench complained to a juſtice, that Mr. Shuter would have *refreſhed her*; Though mean'ſt *raviſhed*, ſaid the juſtice. Yes, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I meant ſo indeed. I warrant, replies the juſtice, this rogue has raviſhed thee many a time before now? Yes, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to aggravate the matter, *twenty times at leaſt.*

A company of goſſips, at a good woman's labour, when the buſineſs was over, began to diſcourſe about the walking of ſpirits, which ſome affirmed to have ſeen, while others doubted of their appearance. But at laſt the midwife, whoſe judgment bore a great ſway, delivered her judgment thus: For my part, I have gone up and down all hours in the night, and yet, heaven be praiſed, I never ſaw any thing worſe than myſelf; *though of my conſcience, I believe I ſaw the devil once.*

Beau Naſh ſoliciting a noblemen for a ſubſcription to a public charity, his lordſhip being ſomewhat out of temper, put him off, telling him he would conſider of it; but Naſh begged his lordſhip would give him a poſitive anſwer, yes or no. To which the nobleman replied, *No, I tell you no*; I thank your lordſhip, ſays Naſh, taking out his liſt, how much ſhall I ſet you down? What do you mean by thanking me? returned the nobleman, *when I gave you a negative.* Hold, my Lord, returned Naſh, you ſaid *no, twice, and I need not inform your lordſhip, that two negatives make an affirmative!* Which repartee ſo pleaſed the nobleman, that he gave him a handſome ſubſcription.

A humouriſt aſked a citizen the other day, *whether he would ſooner kiſs a pretty girl, or partake of a good feaſt?* The

citizen honeſty replied, that he ſhould prefer the latter. To which the wag archly rejoined, I never thought you a man of the ton before, *but I find now that you have more taſte than feeling.*

One ſeeing a painter write falſe Engliſh on a tomb-ſtone in a country church-yard, told him of it. Phoh, ſaid he, I know what I do well enough; *for the people here are ſo penuricus that they will not go to the charge of good Engliſh.*

A gentleman writing a letter to his wife, as he was ſitting at a table at a coffee-houſe, perceived he was over-looked by an Iriſhman. After he had wrote a line or two he goes on. My dear, I ſhould be more particular, but that I am overlooked by an impudent Iriſh ſon of a whore, that ſtands behind me. *What do you mean, ſays Paddy, by abuſing me in that manner? Do I over look you.*

Mr. Harley falling into company with a ſea-officer, at Bath, and the diſcourſe turning upon hunting, the captain gave the following deſcription of a chaſe;— Our horſes being compleatly rigged, we manned them to their full compliment, and the wind being at north and by eaſt, at ſeven anti-meridian, a fleet of twenty, ſet ſail over the Downs. In about three quarters of a watch, we eſpied a hare under full gale; we tacked, and ſtood after her, crouded all the ſail we could? but coming cloſe up to her, ſhe tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; however, getting cloſe off, I ſtood after her again; but unluckily, juſt as we were about to lay her aboard, being too much wind, my horſe and I overſet, and came keel upwards.

A fellow hearing one ſay, according to the Italian proverb, *That three women wake a market with their chattering;* Nay, then, ſaid he, *add my wife to them and they will make a fair*

A poor

A poor man and a wealthy farmer had a ſuit at law; the poor man gave the lawyer *a pot of oil*, and was told that his cauſe was good: but no ſooner was he gone, than the farmer came and preſented *a fat hog*. The cauſe came on, and the farmer gained the day. The poor man after the trial, went to expoſtulate with the lawyer for his baſe conduct, ſaying, When I gave you a *pot of oil* you ſaid my cauſe was good, but you have entirely neglected it. Poor man, ſaid the lawyer, I am ſorry for thee? but you was no ſooner gone, than a *fat hog came in and broke your pot of oil*, which put the cauſe quite out of my head.

A perſon bought a pair of horns, and brought them home; his wife aſked what he meant: he ſaid, to hang his hat on. Good lord, ſays ſhe, *cannot you keep your hat on your head.*

Doctor Barton being in company with Doctor Naſh, who had juſt printed two heavy folios, containing the antiquities of Worceſterſhire, the warden humourouſly obſerved to the Doctor, that his publication was deficient in ſeveral reſpects. Dr. Naſh, as was but natural, endeavouring to defend his volumes in the beſt manner he was able. "Pray, Doctor, are not you a juſtice of peace?" "I am," replied the Doctor. "Then," ſays Barton, "I adviſe you to ſend your work to the *Houſe of Correction.*

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's-Iſland, General Lee was one day reconnoitering the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whiſtled about in abundance, he obſerved one of his aid-de camps, a very young man, ſhrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wiſhed to evade, if poſſibly, the ſhot, "'Sdeath, Sir," cried Lee, "what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you known that the king of Pruſſia loſt above an hundred aid-de camps in one compaign?" So I under-

ſtand, Sir," replied the young officer, " but I did not think you could ſpare ſo many."

A lady aſked an Iriſh gentleman, how he liked Veſtris, the dancer. Upon my ſhoul madam, ſaid the Hibernian, I think he *handles his legs veey well.*

George Garrick, being one of Holland's executors, with his uſual good nature, for no man poſſeſſed more; undertook to manage the funeral in a way ſuitable to his friend's circumſtances, for which purpoſe he went to Chiſwick, and ordered a deſcent vault, and ſuch other preparations as he thought neceſſary. Holland's father was a baker. Foote was invited to the funeral, which he certainly attended with unfeigned ſorrow? for, excluſive of the real concern for the loſs of a convivial companion, whenever he had a ſerious moment, he felt with very ſtrong ſuſceptibility. While the ceremony was performing, Garrick remarked to Foote how happy he was, out of reſpect to his friend, to ſee every thing ſo decently conducted. You ſee, ſaid he, what a ſnug family vault we have made here. Family vault, ſaid Foote, with tears trickling down his cheeks—*Damme, if I did not think it had been the family oven.*

A man was examined before Sir John Fielding, upon a charge of a highway robbery, inſtituted by a gentleman of diſtinction, who ſwore poſitively to every circumſtance of the robbery, yet could not identify the perſon. In the courſe of the buſineſs, the right honourable witneſs ſeemed extremely offended that Sir John Fielding ſhould pay the priſoner ſo much reſpect, and him, as he thought ſo very little—for which diſcontent he received the following rebuke. *I am heartily ſorry that you are offended at my ſoftening the rigour of juſtice with a little humanity. The priſoner is intitled more to my attention than you are—becauſe he is unfortunate. If he ſhould be guilty, the law is ſevere enough without any exaggeration on my part; but if*

innocent

innocent, how could I excuſe myſelf—by adding inſult to misfortune?

Dignum, and Moſes Keen, the mimic, were both taylors, and intimate friends—Banniſter met them, under the piazza in Covent Garden, arm in arm—I never ſee thoſe men together, ſaid Charles, but they put me in mind of one of Shakeſpeare's commedies. But which of them, Banniſter?—Why, *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

An impertinent fellow, who was a ſtranger to Lord Guildford, aſked him, in the pit of the opera, who that *plain* lady was, immediately before him?—That lady, ſaid the noble Lord, is my *wife*—It is true, that ſhe is a plain woman—I am a plain man; you, I perceive, are a *plain dealer*, and that is the *plain truth*!

Shuter was at dinner one day in a promiſcuous company—and, as ſoon as the cloth was taken away, one of them got up and entreated, as a particular favour, he would begin to be comical. Gad, ſaid Shuter, *I forgot my fool's dreſs—but however, I'll go and fetch it, if you'll be my ſubſtitute, till I return.* The man thought this very comical, and declared he would. Shuter then took his hat and cane—went away, and did not return at all.

At Ipſwich, during the race-week, the landlord of one of the principal inns had advertiſed his beds at a guinea a piece; and fearing, on account of the exorbitant demand, that viſitors ſhould be induced to take lodgings, he procured, with great cunning and induſtry, a promiſe from the other inhabitants that they would aſk the ſame price. What was the conſequence? Ipſwich is very large and the ſtrangers naturally ſaid, if we can get lodgings no cheaper at private houſes than at inns, we had better be where our horſes can be taken care of. *Thus, few private lodgings were let, the inns were full, and the landlords laughed at the credulity of their neighbours.*

An Italian, whoſe name is *Grimani*, after he had been in England about a month, happened, as he was ſtrolling about, to find himſelf near Billingſgate, ſeeing him a foreigner, he was preſently huſtled about: and in ſhort the fiſh-women and watermen determined to give him what they called a compleat blackguarding. Grimani, who ſcarcely underſtood a word of Engliſh, hearing the word *damn* frequently uſed, was ſtruck as quick as lightning with an idea that he ſhould conquer them with their own weapons. He thought he had nothing to do but to think of a number of names unknown to the mob, and therefore began, damn Cicero, damn Plutarch, damn Ariſtotle, damn Demoſthenes, damn Plato, damn, Anaxageras, damn Scipio, damn Agamemnon, damn Achilles, and thus he went on with extreme volubility, throwing his muſcles, which was a pretty eaſy thing to do, into the utmoſt contortions, till at length one of the mob cried out, *damme, come along Jack, we ſtand no chance with this fellow, he blackguards ten times better than any one of us.*

When Sir Elijah Impey was on his paſſage from India, he continually kept in the cabin from indiſpoſition, while her ladyſhip was in very good health, and conſtantly on deck. One fine day ſhe coaxed him out to enjoy a little air, as he was walking the deck, it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day a *ſhark* was playing by the ſide of the ſhip. Having never ſeen ſuch an object before, he called to one of the ſailors to tell him what it was. Being aſked the queſtion: why don't you know, an pleaſe your honour? ſaid the Jack Tar. No, ſaid Elijah, what is the name of it? Why, replied the tar, I don't know what name they know 'em by aſhore, but here we call 'em *ſea lawyers.*

A fooliſh ſtage-ſtruck youth ran away from his friends, and got among a moſt low and miſerable ſet of ſtrol-

lers.

lers. A relation, after a time, diſcovered him juſt as he was going on the ſtage in *King Richard*; and on reading him a pretty ſevere lecture on his folly and diſobedience, received an anſwer ſuitable to all the ridiculous conſequence and aſſuming pomp of a mock monarch. To which he anſwered; Theſe are fine lofty words, but 'tis a great pity, Mr. King Richard, *that you could not afford to buy a better pair of ſhoes.* The actor looking at his toes, which were ſtaring him in the face, without loſing his vivacity, cried out, *Shoes, O damme, ſhoes are things we Kings don't ſtand upon.*

A noble commander, becauſe he could not conceal it, was continually boaſting of his riſe from a private man. His conſtant expreſſion was, did you ever ſee me do ſo and ſo when I was a private ſoldier. One day in the Iſland of St. Euſtatius, as he was reviewing the troops, he took notice of a man in the ranks who was very dirty. Going up to him—ſaid he, How dare you appear in that naſty condition, your ſhirt's as black as ink! did you ever ſee me with ſuch a dirty ſhirt? no, your honour, anſwered the man, to be ſure, your honour, I never did, but then your honour will pleaſe to recollect, that your honour's mother—*was a waſher woman.*

In one of the engagements with the French, at Cuddalore during the late war, the 101ſt regiment gave way, and their places were immediately ſupplied by a battalion of black infantry; a gentleman ſhortly afterwards in company with Colonel Kenedy, then of the Madras Artillery, and converſing on the ſubject, ſaid, he was ſurpriſed that they gave way! And ſo am I too ſaid the Colonel for they are all *tried* men. How can you make out that? ſays the gentleman, for they are a new regiment. Oh, by J—s ſays the Colonel, *they were all long ſince tried at the old Bailey.*

An unfaſhionable gentleman called on his taylor to pay his bill ſoon after the receipt of it, but not meeting with him at home, mentioned to his wife, that a pair of ſilk breeches was charged, which he never ordered. I am always willing to pleaſe my huſband's cuſtomers, and if you will juſt ſtep into the next room, *I will take off your breeches immediately.*

A Ducheſs, hearing that a man in a high poſt, where he had an opportunity of fingering a great deal of money, had married his kept miſtreſs; *Dear me, ſaid ſhe, that fellow is always robbing the public.*

A lawyer, and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk deſired to know what was the chief point of the law? His maſter ſaid, if he would promiſe to pay for their ſuppers that night, he would tell him, which was agreed to. Why then, ſaid the maſter, *good witneſſes are the chief points in law.* When they came to the inn, the maſter beſpoke a couple of fowls for ſupper; and when they had ſupped, told the clerk to pay for them, according to agreement. O, Sir, ſays he, where is your *good witneſs?*

It was ſaid of a certain country 'ſquire, at his return from his travels to France, by which he was greatly altered, though not in the leaſt improved, that he went there a *leaden image*, but was returned one of *plaiſter of Paris.*

A gentleman was joking with a phyſician, in the preſence of Mr. Farquhar, concerning the faculty's wearing ſwords, ſaying, he thought it an abſurd cuſtom; as theirs ought to be a dreſs rather of gravity than gaiety, and therefore ſhould leave the ſword to the military, and other gentlemen. But Mr. Farquhar inſiſted it was quite a neceſſary cuſtom; and upon being aſked his reaſons for it, he replied, *in order that they may defend themſelves againſt the reſentment of the friends and relations of the many patients they now ſend out of the world.*

On

On a trial at the admiralty Seſſions, for ſhooting a ſeaman, the council for the crown aſked one of the witneſſes which he was for, plaintiff or defendant—Plaintiff or defendant! ſays the ſailor, ſcratching his head, *why I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to ſpeak for that man there!* pointing to the priſoner.—You are a pretty fellow for a witneſs, ſays the counſel, *not to know what plaintiff or defendant means!*—Sometime after, being aſked by the counſel what part of the ſhip he was in at the time, *Abaft the binnacle*, my lord, ſays the ſailor. Abaft the binnacle? replied the barriſter, *What part of the ſhip is that?*—Ha! ha! ha! chuckled the ſailor, *are not you a pretty fellow for a counſellor*, (pointing archly at him with his finger) *not to known what abaft the binnacle is!*

A nobleman telling the huſband of a lady remarkably beautiful, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment; *Your lordſhip*, replied the gentleman, *is welcome to break the tenth commandment as much as you pleaſe, provided you do not break the ſeventh.*

The ducheſs of Dorſet ſent a card of invitation to Mr. Pitt, with her reſpects, and to requeſt his company to *dinner* at *ten* o'clock the next day; when he returned for anſwer he was very ſorry he could not attend her Grace's invitation, as he was engaged to *ſup* at *nine* o'clock the ſame day with the Biſhop of Lincoln.

A young gentleman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was ſeverely rallied by them upon the circumſtance. At laſt one of them put the queſtion to him, how he managed to have ſuch good luck: Why, madam, ſays he, *I knew they could not live without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way.*

The late Dr. Young had occaſion to pay a viſit to archbiſhop Potter's ſon, then rector of Chiddingſtone, near

Tunbridge. This gentleman lived in a country where the roads were deep and miry.—Dr. Young, after much danger and difficulty, arrived at his houſe, when he inquired whoſe field that was he had juſt croſſed. *It is mine*, aſwered his friend. *True*, ſaid the poet, *Potter's field to bury ſtrangers in.*

Sir Walter Raleigh one day, ſmoaking in his ſtudy, inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of ſmall beer; when the fellow entered the room, he threw all the liquor in his maſter's face, and running down ſtairs bawling out, fire! help: *Sir Walter has ſtudied till his head is on fire, and the ſmoak burſts out of his mouth and noſe.*

Dr. Haugh, biſhop of Wincheſter, who was as remarkable for the evenneſs of his temper, as for many other good qualities; having a large company at his houſe, a gentleman preſent deſired his lordſhip to ſhew him a curious weather-glaſs, which the biſhop had lately purchaſed, and which coſt him above thirty guineas. The ſervant was accordingly deſired to bring it, who on delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged, but particularly the gentleman who aſked to ſee it, who was making many apologies for the accident. Be under no concern, my dear Sir, ſaid the biſhop ſmiling, I think it is rather a lucky omen, *we have* hitherto had a very dry ſeaſon, and now I hope we ſhall have ſome rain, for *I proteſt I do not remember ever to have ſeen the glaſs ſo low in my life.*

A certain captain, remarkable for his *uncommon height*, being one day at the rooms at Bath, a lady noticing him, inquired who he was; when ſhe was informed of his family and connexion, and that he had been originally intended *for the Church*; to which ſhe replied, he was better ſuited *for the ſteeple.*

A gentle-

A gentleman obſerving in a genteel aſſembly, that Dr. Graham, notwithſtanding the notorious indelicacy of his lectures, was a man of ſuch humanity, that he could not reconcile to himſelf the idea of feeding on animal food, and even wiſhed, if poſſible, to be cloathed, as well as fed, from the vegetable productions of the earth. *To clothe the doctor, then, in his own way*, ſaid a lady, as remakable for her vivacity as her beauty and virtue, *his neckcloth ſhould certainly be made of hemp.*

A gentleman lately deceaſed, who was much employed by the nobility to ſuperintend works of taſte, having finiſhed an expenſive head-piece to a canal for a certain noble duke, after ſome ſhort time it was diſcovered to leak; on which the ducheſs expreſſing ſome diſapprobation, the deſigner pertly replied—*I thought your Grace had known it is the faſhion of the times to run out.*

Mr. Hare formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the ſame houſe with Mr. Fox, and like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Iſraelites. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he obſerved ſeveral of the tribe aſſembled at the door, for admittance. *Pray, gentlemen*, ſays he, *are you Fox-hunting, or Hare-hunting, this morning.*

A man whoſe wife had for ſome time been indiſpoſed, going home one evening, was informed by the ſervant that ſhe was dead. *Well*, ſaid the huſband, *I am going to the club; ſend for me if I ſhould be wanted.* In about two hours he returned, and was going to bed as uſual; when the maid cried out—*Lord Sir! don't go there! I have made a bed for you in the other chamber.*—*Yes, but I will, Betty*, returned he: *I never yet had a peaceable day with her, and am determined to have one quiet night before we part.*

Demetrius, king of Macedon, frequently retired from buſineſs, however, he uſually feigned indiſpoſition. His

father, Antigonus, coming one day to viſit him during his pretended illneſs, ſaw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. Demetrius, the inſtant he beheld his ſire, told him that the *fever* had juſt left him—*I believe you my ſon*, ſaid Antigonus, *for I think I met her at the door.*

As a preſs-gang, during the late war, were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well dreſſed; who pleaded that, being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impreſſed. *Haul him along*, cries one of the tars; *he is the very man we want: we preſs a demned number of blackguards, and are curſedly at a loſs for a gentleman to teach them good manners.*

A patriotic candidate applied to a yeoman of a certain county for his vote, promiſed to exert his influence to turn out the miniſtry, and procure a freſh ſet. *Then I won't vote for you*, cried the farmer. *Why not?* ſaid the patriot; *I thought you was a friend to your country.—So I am*, replied the yeoman, *and for that reaſon I am not for a change in the miniſtry. I know well enough how it is with my hogs; when I buy them lean they eat the devil and all, but when they have once got a little fat, the keeping them is not near ſo expenſive: ſo that I am for keeping the preſent ſet, as they will devour much leſs than a new one.*

Dr. Roger Long, the famous aſtronomer, walking one dark evening with Mr. Bumfoy, in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a ſhort poſt fixed in the pavement, which in the earneſtneſs of converſation he took to be a boy ſtanding in his way, ſaid, haſtily—*Get out of my way, boy!*—*That boy, Sir*, ſaid the doctor very calmly, *is a poſt-boy who never turns out of his way for any body.*

A ſailor paſſing by a cooper's ſhop, and ſeeing a number of tubs piled above each other at the door, began to kick and tumble them about the ſtreet. The maſter coming out, and deſiring to know the reaſon of this ſtrange proceeding—*D—n it* replied Jack, *why ſhould not every tub ſtand upon its own bottom?*

A cer-

A certain pope being informed that ſome Jews were deſirous of the honour of an audience, ſaid—*Jews! No. How can they expect to be admitted, who were the murderers of our dear Saviour!* But, hearing afterwards that they were much afflicted at his refuſal, having brought a very valuable preſent for his holineſs, as a token of their reſpect, he cried, with a ſeemingly careleſs air, *Well, well, admit them, poor uninformed ignorant wretches! they knew not what they were doing.*

An honeſt peaſant ſettled in a ſmall village, where, in a ſhort time, he gained the good-will of all his neighbours. He had, however, the misfortune to loſe one of his beſt milch cows in the firſt year, which grieved him exceedingly; while his wife, who was an excellent manager, took it to heart ſo much, that ſhe abſolutely fell ſick, and died. The good man lamented the loſs of his helpmate with the moſt unaffected ſorrow, and remained for ſome months quite inconſolable. His neighbours now thought it their duty to reaſon him into reſignation.

My friend, ſaid one of them, *the wife you have loſt was really an excellent woman, but ſtill you have a good remedy: you are a young and an honeſt man, and you will find no difficulty in procuring another. For my part*, continued he, *I have three daughters, and I ſhall be happy to call you ſon in-law.* Another, on this, offered him his ſiſter; and a third his niece. *Good God!* ſays the mourner, *what a ſtrange place is this, ſince a man who lives here had better loſe his wife than his cow! My wife is dead; and, lo! you tell me I may pick and chuſe, to ſupply her place: but when my poor cow died, nobody ever thought of offering me another.*

A ſailor, half groggy, paſſing along the ſtreet of a certain ſea-port town, diſcovered over an admiral's door an eſcutcheon, and very naturally took it for an ale-houſe. The gentleman, (a ruddy-looking portly man) ſtanding at the door, he clapped him on the ſhoulder, *Damn it, landlord, you look like an honeſt fellow, give us a cup of the beſt.* The gentleman, to carry on the joke, ordered his ſervant to

to bring him ſome beer; which being done, the jolly tar drank towards the landlord's very good health, and inquired what was to pay, which the officer told him he might ſettle the next time he came that way.

One ſunday during the laſt ſummer, while the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a certain pariſh-church in the dioceſe of Glouceſter were ſet open to admit more air, while the congregation were aſſembled for divine ſervice. Juſt as the clergyman was beginning his weekly diſcourſe, (who, by the bye, is not much celebrated for his oratorical powers) a Jack-aſs which had been grazing in the church-yard, popped his head in at a window, and began braying with all his might, as if in oppoſition to the reverend preacher. On this, a wag preſent, immediately got up from his ſeat; and with great gravity of countenance, exclaimed—*One at a time, gentlemen; if you pleaſe.* The whole congregation ſet up a loud laugh; when the Jack-aſs took fright, and gave up the conteſt; though, from the clergyman's chagrin and confuſion, he would probably not have been the worſt orator.

The late king of Pruſſia aſked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an equal number of Engliſhmen could beat them. *I will not affirm*, ſaid Sir Robert, *that an equal number could beat them; but I believe, from my ſoul, half the number would be willing to try.*

An old Roman ſoldier being involved in a law-ſuit, implored the protection of Auguſtus; who referred him to one of his courtiers, for an inſtruction to the judges. On which the brave veteran, piqued at the Emperor's coolneſs, exclaimed—*I did not uſe your highneſs thus, when you was in danger at the battle of Actium; but fought for you myſelf!* Diſcloſing at the ſame time, the wounds he had received on that memorable occaſion. This retort ſo affected Auguſtus, that he is ſaid to have perſonally pleaded the ſoldier's cauſe.

A Spa-

A Spaniſh general having taken a caſtle from the Moors, commanded the ſoldiers, who had made a brave defence, to leap from the battlements. Several complied with this dreadful injunction, but one, more fearful than the reſt, advanced twice to the verge of the precipice, and as often retreated. The general then ordered him to jump directly, threatening, if he retreated a third time, to inflict a more ſevere puniſhment. *Sir*, ſaid the poor fellow, *ſince you think this jump ſuch an eaſy matter for a ſoldier, I'll give you, tho' you are a general, four times to do it in.* This reply procured the ſoldier a free pardon.

Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the Firſt of France, were both princes of a very warm temper? and the former having a deſign of ſending an angry meſſage to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas More, his Chancellor, for the meſſenger. Sir Thomas having received his inſtructions, told Henry, that he feared, if he carried ſuch a meſſage to ſo violent a man as Francis, it might coſt him his head. Never fear, man, ſaid the king, if Francis was to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power, a head ſhorter. I am much obliged to your majeſty, replied the facetious chancellor, *but I much doubt if any of their heads will fit my ſhoulders.*

A young country girl in Lombardy, running after her ſhe-aſs, which was in haſte to get up to her foal, paſſed a gentleman on the road; who, ſeeing her look very buxſom, and having a mind to be witty, called out—*Whence do you come ſweetheart?—From Villejuiff, Sir*, ſaid ſhe. *From Villejuiff!* anſwered the gentleman: *and do you know the daughter of Nicholas Guillos, who lives there?—Very well*, replied the girl. *Be ſo kind then*, returned he, *as to carry her a kiſs from me:* and, throwing his arms round her neck, was about to ſalute her. *Hold, Sir*, cried the girl, diſentangling herſelf from his rude embrace, *ſince you are in ſuch a hurry, it will be better to give your kiſs to my aſs, as ſhe will be there ſome-time before me.*

Few

Few people were greater admirers of prudence and economy than Sir Richard Steele was, in precept; yet nothing could be more diſagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expenſive frequently reduced him to difficulties, and expoſed him to ſome circumſtances rather painful to a diſpoſition ſo delicate and refined. Among the number of people who were highly charmed with his converſation and writings, none poſſeſſed a greater admiration of both, than a Lincolnſhire baronet, who uſually ſet at Button's. This gentleman poſſeſſed a very large fortune, had great intereſt, and more than once ſolicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmoſt ability, and he ſhould think himſelf under no little obligation. Theſe offers, though made with the moſt ſeeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined, with a grateful politeneſs peculiar to himſelf, as at that time he ſtood in no need of the gentleman's aſſiſtance. But ſome inſtance of extravagance having once reduced him to the neceſſity of borrowing a ſum of money to ſatisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requeſting the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and reſpect, began to renew his offers of ſervice, and begged Sir Richard would give him ſome occaſion to ſhew his friendſhip and regard. *Why, Sir,* ſays Sir Richard, *I came for that very purpoſe; and if you can lend me a hundred pounds for a few days I ſhall conſider it as a ſingular favour.* Had Sir Richard clapped a piſtol to his breaſt, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater ſurpriſe than at this unexpected requeſt. His offers of friendſhip had been only made on a ſuppoſition of their never being accepted, and intended only as ſo many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance; of which the gentleman, while it coſt him nothing, was particularly proud. Recovering, however, from his ſurpriſe, he ſtammered out —*Why, really, Sir Richard, I would ſerve you to the utmoſt of my power but at preſent I have not twenty guineas in the houſe.*

houſe. Sir Richard, who ſaw the pitiful evaſion, was heartily vexed at the meanneſs and excuſe. *And ſo, Sir,* ſays he, *you have drawn me in to expoſe the ſituation of my affairs with a promiſe of aſſiſtance, and now refuſe me any mark of your friendſhip or eſteem. A diſappointment I can bear, but muſt by no means put up with an inſult; therefore be ſo obliging as to conſider whether it is more agreeable to comply with the terms of my requeſt, or to ſubmit to the conſequence of my reſentment.* Sir Richard ſpoke this in ſo determined a tone, that the baronet was ſtartled; and ſaid, ſeeming to recollect himſelf—*Lord, my dear Sir Richard! I beg ten thouſand pardons; upon my honour, I did not remember—Bleſs me, I have a hundred pound now in my pocket, which is entirely at your ſervice!* So ſaying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put up; and then addreſſed him in the following manner; *Though I deſpiſe an obligation from a perſon of ſo mean a caſt as I am ſatisfied you are; yet, rather than be made a fool of, I chuſe to accept of this hundred pound, which I ſhall return when it ſuits my conveniency. But, that the next favour you confer may be done with a better grace, I muſt take the liberty of pulling you by the noſe, as a proper expedient to preſerve your recollection.* Which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then took his leave of the poor baronet, who was not a little ſurpriſed at the oddity of his behaviour.

Lord M——— on a viſit the other day to Carlton houſe, was ſtruck with amazement at the prince's highlander, againſt whoſe knee *pan* his lordſhip by accident bruſhed his *noſe.* The highlander *boo'd doon,* and hoped he had not offended, and this his lordſhip took ſo kindly, that he put a piece of money into his hand, at the ſame time ſaying, *You are one of the moſt extraordinary animals I ever ſaw.* The highlander, with peculiar archneſs, refuſed the money, ſaying, *My lord, we naw taak any thing from one a nother.*

Jack Quick laſt ſeaſon at Brighton, after having ſweated through a long part in a play and farce, was regailing himſelf

himſelf behind the ſcenes with a tankard of brown ſtout—when Lord Barrimore was applauding him with, *Well done, old Barnaby*—I thank your lordſhip, I was old Barnaby, but at preſent I am *ſtout little John.*

When quick was playing (as he did lately with ſome applauſe) Richard the IIId. for his benefit, a wag was inquiring what could induce him to ſport himſelf in tragedy,—when he was anſwered———

Be it for better, be it for worſe,
The treaſurer ſays it weightens the purſe.

It is to be remembered, that this excellent comedian, who ſo inimitably pourtrays the old character, made his *debuts* in Alexander the Great, Lear, Hamlet, and a long liſt of *et cetera* characters.

Mrs. Woffington, who often performed in men's cloaths, ſaying one day, in the Green-Room, that ſhe imagined half the town took her for a man—*No, no*, ſays Mr. Clive; *you muſt certainly be miſtaken, for above half the town know you to be a woman.*

A quaker inquired after the health of a certain nobleman, and was told that he was exceſſively afflicted with the gravel!—*I am glad of it*, ſays the Quaker. *How!* cried the other, *glad that his lordſhip is troubled with the gravel!*—*I tell you friend I am glad*, replied the Quaker, *extremely glad; becauſe I hope, ſince he is ſo much gravelled, that he will endeavour to mend his ways.*

A courtier of Queen Elizabeth's, whom ſhe had long encouraged to hope for ſome favour, vexed at repeated diſappointments, was one morning walking penſively in her garden; when her majeſty, calling to him from a window, ſaid—*Sir Edward, what does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?* The knight, after a little pauſe, with a very low bow, anſwered—*Of a woman's promiſe, Madam!* when the queen, who was moved at this reply, drawing inſtantly

inſtantly back, ſaid to thoſe about her, *I muſt not confute him; anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

A French ambaſſador, at the court of the queen Chriſtiana: after having ſeen the beſt parts of her kingdom, being aſked by her majeſty how he liked poor Sweden; he replied—*Aye, poor Sweden, indeed, Madam! for, by the maſs, if the whole country were mine, I would give every inch of it for a ſingle farm in France or England.*

An old French gentleman once complained that he had been cheated by a monk, when Sentuil who was himſelf of that order, being preſent, ſaid to him,—*I am ſurpriſed, Sir, that a perſon of your years and diſcretion, ſhould not yet know a monk!*

An Iriſhman meeting one with whom he had made a ſlight acquaintance a long time before, accoſted him with —*Arrah by my ſoul, my dear honey! I am glad to ſee you, now; but, by my faith, joy, I have forgotten whether it be you or your brother.*

An apothecary who uſed to value himſelf on his ſkill in the nature of drugs, aſſerted in a company of phyſicians, that all bitter things were hot. *No*, ſaid a gentleman preſent, *there is one of a very different quality, I am ſure; and that is a bitter cold day.*

Eraſmus, who was of a ſickly conſtitution, and had therefore obtained a diſpenſation for eating of fleſh in times of abſtinence, being reproached by the pope for not obſerving Lent—*I aſſure your holineſs*, ſaid he, *that my heart is a Catholic one; but I muſt confeſs I have a Lutheran ſtomach.*

In the neighbourhood of the metropolis, there is a chapel with good cellars underneath well ſtock'd, advertiſed to be let or ſold. A parſon and another gentleman paſſing that way, a few days ſince, it was ſarcaſtically obſerved by the latter, that concerns ſo well ſuited to each other, would not

not remain un occupied long, You miſtake ſir, anſwered, the reverend gentleman, that which you ſuppoſe to be a recommendation to the premiſes, is exactly the reverſe, *for few parſons like to preach over their liquor.*

Dryden's tranſlation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend biſhop, in the preſence of a very witty earl —*the original is indeed excellent,* ſaid his lordſhip, *but every thing ſuffers by a tranſlation—except a biſhop.*

It was cuſtomary with Marſhal Baſſompierre, when any of his ſoldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to ſay to them—*By G—d, brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!* which was a ſufficient denunciation of their fate. A ſpy being diſcovered in his camp, was addreſſed in this language; and next day, as the provoſt was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he preſſed earneſtly to ſpeak with the Marſhal, alledging that he had ſomewhat of importance to communicate. The Marſhal, being made acquainted with this requeſt, exclaimed, in his rough and haſty manner—*It is the way of all the raſcals; when ordered for execution, they pretend ſome frivolous ſtory, merely to reprieve themſelves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither.* Being introduced, the Marſhal aſked what he had ſo ſay? *Why, my lord,* ſaid the culprit, *when firſt I had the honour of your converſation, you was obliging enough to ſay, that either you or I ſhould be hanged: now I am come to know, whether it is your pleaſure to be ſo; becauſe if you won't, I muſt, that's all* The Marſhal was ſo pleaſed with the fellow's humour, that he ordered him to be releaſed.

Dr. Johnſon, travelling in the north of Scotland, could not ſee a houſe or tree in riding a great many miles, nothing but deſolation and barrenneſs every where preſenting themſelves before his view; till at laſt he caſt his eyes on a crow that was perched on the ſtump of an old tree, kawing with great violence, and kawing for want of food; which the doctor obſerving, could not help crying out—*Kaw, kaw, kaw, and be damn'd! if you will ſtay in ſuch a country as this, when you have wings to fly away.*

A gen-

A gentleman being confined to his chamber with the gout, gave his watch to an Iriſh footman, and bade him ſet it by the dial in the garden; Teague goes directly to the dial, but not knowing what to do, and being unwilling to return to his maſter, without ſhewing he would do him what ſervice he was able, he got a pick-ax, and dug up the ſun-dial; which being done, he, with great labour carried it up to his maſter, and told him he did not very well underſtand ſetting watches by ſun-dials, but had brought up the dial that he might ſet his watch by it himſelf.

An Iriſh counſellor having loſt his cauſe, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was eſteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, ſome of the other counſellors were very merry on the occaſion. Well, now, ſays he, who the devil could help it, when there was an hundred judges on the bench? An hundred, ſaid a ſtander by, there were but three; By St Patrick, replies he, *there was a figure of one and two cyphers.*

Diogenes being aſked how he could live in a naſty tub, when he might baſk in the favour of a court, replied, It is true, I am deprived of the ſmiles of Kings, but I don't find the ſun is more aſhamed of my tub than a palace.

A quack, who affected an unlucky phraſe, at every turn cried—*So much the better!* Viſiting a patient almoſt in the agony of death, he aſked how he ſlept that night. *Not a wink, Sir,—So much the better!* cries the doctor. He then inquired how his fever was: *O Lord*, ſays the patient, *I burn as if I were on fire.—So much the better!* quoth the quack. *How does your cough?—I ſpit up my lungs*, replied the ſick man. *So much the better, ſtill*, anſwers the quack. *Ah! dear doctor*, quoth the expiring patient, *what pity it is that a man ſhould go out of the world with all theſe fine ſymptoms!*

A plain

A plain country fellow coming up to London, was requeſted to inquire after a gentleman, and to deliver him a letter. It happened that the gentleman himſelf came to the door; and, willing to joke with the fellow, told him he had loſt his labour, for the party after whom he inquired was hanged the laſt ſeſſions for a robbery. *For a robbery*, quoth the countryman; *now, fie upon him for a vile, wicked man! was he not content to be a notorious cuckold, (for ſo he was reckoned in the country) but muſt he turn thief too!*

A country laſs coming up to town to ſeek her fortune, had the good luck to be hired by an old rich mercer, who was a batchelor, and who ſhe pleaſed ſo well, that at laſt he married her. Her brother Dick, the chief of her own kindred, who was a downright honeſt ploughman, hearing of his ſiſter's promotion, put on his holiday cloaths, took up his quarter's wages, and came up to London: and knowing the ſtreet by the direction of a letter, though not the houſe, inquired from door to door for his ſiſter Joan, who had lately married her maſter; till at laſt he was ſo lucky to find the right, where he was highly welcomed. Being at dinner, the old mercer ſaid, – *Well, brother-in-law, as I now muſt call you, I am glad to ſee you, or any of my wife's relations; ſhe has been a good ſervant to me, and I hope ſhe will make as good a wife: we have a plentiful eſtate, and all I wiſh is a ſon to inherit it, which yet we have no hopes of.* At this, Dick, looked wiſtfully at his ſiſter, bluntly cried, *How now, Joan; what art though turned a barren ſow in London? thou waſt not wont to be ſo in the country!* And though ſhe frowned, beckoned, and made dumb ſigns for him to hold his peace, ſtill he went on. *Well, brother*, continued he, *as for an heir, you need not trouble yourſelf about that; for ſhe has a thumping boy in the country, got by Will. Dobs, her maſter's threſher; and the pariſh would be glad enough to be diſcharged of it!*

At a late maſquerade, a certain lady of high faſhion, aſked a young nobleman, why he had not brought his ſiſter to that heaven. *Truly, Madam*, anſwered his lordſhip, *my ſiſter, happily for her, has no ſuch angelic notions.*

A gen-

A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's houſe, the firſt thing that came upon the table was a diſh of whitings; and one being put on his plate he found it ſtink ſo much that he could not touch it. However, he laid his mouth down to the fiſh as if he were whiſpering to it; and then took up the plate and put it to his own ear. The gentleman at whoſe table he was ſeated, inquired into the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour, he told him that he had loſt a brother at ſea about a fortnight ago, and was aſking that fiſh, if he knew any thing of him. Well, ſaid the gentleman, pleaſantly, and what anſwer did he make you?—Why, replied the other very gravely, he told me that he could not poſſibly give me any account of my deceaſed brother, *as he had not been at ſea theſe three weeks.*

At Croydon aſſizes, a ſurgeon was called as a witneſs, for the purpoſe of proving damages upon an action of aſſault. He depoſed that he had bled the plaintiff; and being aſked upon oath, if bleeding had been neceſſary, candidly anſwered, we always find it *neceſſary* to do *ſomething when ſent for.*

A gentleman, whoſe father had been robbed of a conſiderable quantity of plate, dined with the ſon of a wealthy man ſuppoſed to have been a receiver. A large ſilver tureen was brought to table without a cover. I am admiring your tureen, ſaid the gueſt to his hoſt, not ſo much for its faſhion or value, but from a very extraordinary circumſtance, which is, *that a cover I have got at home would exactly fit it.*

A quaker being examined by a judicious counſel, as he was retiring, another counſel on the ſame ſide aſked him a queſtion which he did not chuſe to anſwer: I have told all I know to the counſel, ſaid the quaker. *I am counſel alſo,* anſwered the barriſter. Thou may'ſt be counſel alſo, replied the quaker, *but thou art not counſel likewiſe.*

When

When the gentleman who altered the comedy of the Capricious Lady, preſented it to Mrs. A———. She obſerved, that he had cut away the character of *Roger*.—You are right, ſaid Thalia, Roger is a very improper part for the *ſtage*, though very amuſing in the *chamber*.

A man indicted at the commiſſion of oyer and terminer for a rape, ſet up for his defence, that the proſecutrix having frequently come into his garden to ſteal beans, he told her, if ever ſhe came again, ſhe ſhould not return without a *green gown*; and this he proved by a witneſs. On being acquitted, Mr. Howard, a barriſter, remarkable for his humour, ſaid to him, my friend, you have taken a very good method to ſave your *bacon*, *but a very bad method to ſave your beans*.

Charles Banniſter, on hearing a diſpute on the merits of his own voice and that of Reinhold's, obſerved to the diſputants—I aſſure you, gentlemen, my friend Reinhold has the advantage, his *notes* being not only *ſofter*, but much more *acceptable* than mine.

A judge ſuſpected of bribery, checked his clerk for having a *dirty* face, I plead guilty, my lord, ſaid the clerk, *but my hands are clean*.

Not long ſince, an Alderman gave at a city feaſt for his toaſt, *an increaſe to trade*——— Bravo! exclaimed an undertaker, *a green Chriſtmas will make a fat church-yard*.

A *little* gentleman of the long robe having a diſpute with a remarkable bulky barriſter, the big man threatened to put him in his pocket: if you do ſo, ſaid Dapper, you will have more *law* in your *pocket*, than ever you had in your *head*.

After the performance of Love in a Village, Banniſter obſerved, that Mrs. Wilſon's *Madge* was her beſt *part*.

A COLLECTION OF

Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.

On a great Eater.

HERE lies Tom Turtle, who, as neighbours tell,
Plac'd all his happineſs in living well:
Had he liv'd worſe he'd been a better man,
Nor ended life 'ere life was ſcarce began:
From what was good he ne'er was known to ſtart,
And dy'd with belly full and eaſy heart!
Of all his doings fame has brought to light,
There's nought that's great—except his appetite.
Reader, with caution tread, nor wake his clod,
For if you're eatable, he'll ſwallow you by G—d.

On a Gentleman who married a thin conſumptive Lady.

With a warm ſkeleton ſo near,
And wedded to thy arms for life;
When death arrives it will appear
Leſs frightful—*tis ſo like thy wife!*

A ſpouſe ſo thin, though, all agree,
Had better much been let alone;
'*Fleſh of thy fleſh* ſhe cannot be,
Who is made up of *nought but bone.*

On the marriage of the Dean of Glouceſter with Mrs. Crow, his Houſekeeper.

When Iſrael's ſons, immers'd in ſin,
Took turtle doves and pigeons in,
With hopes to be forgiven:
Our Dean his penitence to ſhow,
Doth for his mate now chooſe a Crow,
To pave his way to heaven.

On being preſented with an Apple by a young Lady.

An apple caus'd our preſent ſtate,
And by inevitable fate
Condemn'd us all to die;
But if that apple was ſo fine,
And came from ſuch a hand as thine,
Who from its charms could fly?
How can I then old Adam blame,
When I myſelf had done the ſame,
Had you the apple given?
I ſhould, like him, without diſpute,
Have eaten the forbidden fruit,
And loſt, for you, a heaven.

The two Watches.

Quoth Jack, what's o'clock?—Says his nameſake, tis two.
Jack replies tis half paſt; nay, I'm ſure of it too:
Says his nameſake, tis not, Sir, no more of your ſun;
My watch is quite right, for it goes by the ſun:
Jack archly then ſaid, that's no reaſon at all,
My watch is a *chriſtian, and goes by Saint Paul.*

On

On a Gentleman who died after Dancing the Cat'rina with a young Lady.

Here reſts a wearied youth, by death reliev'd,
Who, had he reſted ſooner ſtill had liv'd:
Stung by a fair tarantula, he *hay'd*,
He figur'd in, he caper'd, friſk'd—and ſtray'd
From the gay ball to the Elyſian ſhade.
Compute by dances, and *fourſcore* he paſs'd,
Man's utmoſt term; *Cat'rian* was his laſt.
Yet think not, reader, that he dares to blame
The beauteous cauſe from whence his ruin came.
Too well the nymph had by experience found
Her eyes as fatal, tho' more ſlow the wound,
So wav'd the triumph of a longer fight,
And, from mere pity, kill'd him in one night.

Over the Temple of Bacchus, built oppoſite a Hermitage.

There wine's luxurious god his temple rears,
And there the hermit's ſimple roof appears,
They point man's proper courſe, love gen'rous worth,
But in thy conduct rev'rence temp'rate mirth;
Nor puniſh nature, nor indulge exceſs,
Heav'ns bounties well enjoy'd are meant to bleſs.

Suſannah and the two Elders.

When fair Suſanna, in a cool retreat
Of ſhady arbours, ſhunn'd the ſultry heat,
Two wanton letchers to her garden came,
And, ruſhing furious, ſeiz'd the trembling dame,
What female ſtrength could do, her arms perform,
And guarded well the fort they ſtrove to ſtorm.
The ſtory's ancient, and, if rightly told,
Young was the lady, but the lovers old.
Had the reverſe been true! had authors ſung,
How that the dame was old, the lovers young,

If ſhe had then the blooming pair deny'd,
With tempting youth and vigour on their ſide,
Lord! how the ſtory would have ſhock'd my creed,
For that had been a miracle indeed.

On Wit.

True wit is like the brilliant ſtone,
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boaſts two various pow'rs in one—
To cut, as well as ſhine:
Genius like that, if poliſh'd right,
With the ſame gift abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And ſparkles while it wounds.

On a Beau who was always looking in a Glaſs.

He admires his cloaths how elegant they ſit,
And ſpans his waiſt, as ſlender as his wit.

On a pretty Lady of ill Temper.

Did Celia's perſon and her mind agree
What mortal could behold her, and be free?
But nature has, in pity to mankind,
Enrich'd the image, and defac'd the mind.

On a Bailiff.

Here lies John Trott,
By trade a bum,
And, when he dy'd,
The d——l cry'd,
Come, John, come.

On

On a Doctor.

Here lies Doctor Evans,
Who dy'd as he liv'd,
At fixes and ſevens.

The Tobacco Sot.

Says Jack, a dry, conſumptive, ſmoking ſot,
Whoſe mouth with weed is always glowing hot,
Where ſhall I go alas! when death ſhall come,
And with his raw bon'd clutches ſeal my doom?
Faith, replies Tom, there can no heaven be,
Without tobacco for ſuch ſots as thee;
Nor need you fear a hell when you expire,
You deal ſo much on earth in ſmoke and fire.

On a roving-fellow.

Here Bows to earth, where all muſt bow,
A man devoid of care;
Who eat and drank—the Lord knows how,
And lodg'd—the Lord knows where:
But death, a penetrating ſcout,
Would ſtop his worldly roam,
Hence ſlily pump'd his living out,
And fix'd his wav'ring home.

On a Tallow Chandler.

Here lies Ned Stockdale, honeſt fellow,
Who dy'd by fat, and liv'd by tallow:
His light before men always ſhone,
His mould is underneath this ſtone;
Then taking things by the right handle,
Is not this life a farthing candle?
The longeſt age but a watch taper,
A torch blown out by ev'ry vapour;

To-day twill burn, to-morrow blink,
And end, as mortals, in a ſtink?
If this be true, then worthy Ned
Is a wax-light among the dead:
His fluted form ſtill ſheds perfume,
And ſcatters luſtre round his tomb:
Then what is mortal life? Why, tuſh,
This mortal life's not worth a ruſh.

On John Pye.

Here lies John Pye!
Oh, ho, does he ſo,
There let him lie.

On the late facetious Harry Howard, written by himſelf, and found amongſt his Papers after his Deceaſe.

Here lies a blade, who all his life
With fortune held perpetual ſtriſe;
He rov'd about from place to place,
T' avoid a dun or bailiff's face:
But now he's gone, nor fears a bum,
His debts are paid and he's at home;
So, after many ſeaſons paſt,
He's fix'd, and found a houſe at laſt.

On a Miſer.

Reader, beware immoderate love of pelf,
Here lies the worſt of thieves—who robb'd himſelf.

On Nell Bachelor, a Pye Woman.

Beneath in the duſt, the mouldy old cruſt
Of Nell Bachelor lately was ſhoven;
Who was ſkill'd in the arts of pies, cuſtards and tarts,
And knew ev'ry uſe of the oven:

When

When ſhe liv'd long enough, ſhe made her laſt puff,
A puff by her huſband much prais'd;
Now here does ſhe lie, and makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her cruſt will be rais'd.

On a talkative old Maid.

Beneath this ſilent ſtone is laid,
A noiſy antiquated maid,
Who, from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath:
Whether ſhe's gone we cannot tell,
For if ſhe talks not ſhe's in Hell:
If ſhe's in heav'n ſhe's there unbleſt,
Becauſe ſhe hates a place of reſt.

The affectionate Huſband's Epitaph.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as door-nail—God be thanked.

On the Grave-ſtone of a Blackſmith.

My ſledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
My bellows too have loſt their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the duſt my vice is laid:
My coal is ſpent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done,
My fire-dry'd corpſe lies here at reſt,
My ſoul, ſmoak-like, is ſoaring to be bleſt.

On writing a large Folio with a ſingle Pen.

With one ſole pen I writ this book,
Made of a grey gooſe quill;
A pen it was when I it took,
And a pen I leave it ſtill.

On an Old Woman with falſe Hair.

The golden hair that Dorcas wears,
  Is her's: Who would have thought it?
She ſwears 'tis her's—and true ſhe ſwears,
  For I know where ſhe bought it.

On a very homely lady that patched much.

Your homely face, Flippanta, you diſguiſe,
With patches numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching's requiſite to you,
For more were pleas'd if leſs your face we view;
Yet I adviſe, if my advice you'd aſk,
Wear but one patch—but be that patch a maſk.

The Dart.

Whene'er I look I may deſcry
A little face peep thro' that eye;
Sure that's the boy who wiſely choſe
His throne among ſuch beams as thoſe,
Which, if his quiver chanc'd to fall,
May ſerve for darts to kill withal.

By Dean Swift.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels and ran for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſcreen'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble:
Then ventur'd to give him ſome wholeſome advice:
But Tom is a fellow of humour ſo nice,
Too proud to be counſel'd, too wiſe to take warning,
He ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
Then went home again, and was thraſh'd by his wife.

On an handſome Ideot—by Mr. Congreve.

When Leiſbia firſt I ſaw ſo heavenly fair,
With eyes ſo bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his, who ſnatch'd celeſtial fire;
But ſo ſoon as the beauteous idiot ſpoke,
Forth from her coral lips ſuch folly broke;
Like balm the trickling nonſenſe heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good Muſic.

How ill the motion with the muſic ſuits,
So Orpheus fiddled and ſo danc'd the brutes.

On an ugly old Woman in the dark—from Martial.

Whilſt in the dark on thy ſoft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting ſyren in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguiſh I endur'd,
But when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.

The fearful Huſband.

This rain, ſays Dick, will raiſe the corn,
And every thing to life:
No! God forbid! cries Ralph, you know,
I lately loſt my wife.

To a Lady on praiſing her Huſband to Doctor Swift.

You always are making a god of your ſpouſe:
But this neither reaſon nor conſcience allows:
Perhaps you will ſay, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, becauſe he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and ſo you will find,
For you, by this rule, muſt adore all mankind.

On a Library where the Books were in curious Bindings.

With eyes of wonder the gay ſhelves behold,
Poets—all rags alive—now clad in gold:
In life and death one common fate they ſhare,
And on their backs ſtill all their riches wear.

On the ſame ſubject.

Polio, who values nothing that's within,
Rates books like beavers—only for their ſkin.

A moſt curious Painter's Bill.

To a pair of new hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a ſet of teeth for the lioneſs.
To making a new head to Holofernes, and cleaning Judith's hands.
To painting Jezabel in the character of a huntſman, taking a flying leap from the walls of Jericho.
To a pair of ears for Balaam, and making a new tongue for his Aſs.
To mending the pitcher of Jacob's daughter.
To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.
To new varniſhing Moſes's rod.
To cleanſing ſix of the Apoſtles, and adding an entire new Judas Iſcariot.
To filling up the chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's hoſt.
To cleanſing the picture of Sampſon in the character of a fox-hunter, and ſubſtituting a whip for a firebrand.
To cleanſing the Garden of Eden after Adam's expulſion.
To finiſhing the Tower of Babel, and furniſhing moſt of the figures with new heads.
To cleanſing the whale's belly, varniſhing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm.

To adding ſome Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine.
To painting a ſhoulder of mutton and ſhins of beef in the mouths of two ravens feeding Elijah.
To repairing Solomon's noſe, and making a nail to his middle finger.
To a new broom and bonnet for the Witch of Endor.

Queſtion.

Whether 'twas love of *fame*, or love of *ale*,
The *wife* obtain'd the *entire*, by marrying *Thrale?*
But when a *ſecond huſband* fan'd the fire,
Say, did the *Italian nuptials* give th' entire?

Anſwer.

The wife gave her hand at the altar to Thrale,
For ſomething ſhe lov'd—and it might be good ale:
Then marry'd a ſecond with wiſhes not fewer,
Who wanted *that ſomething*, poſſeſs'd by the brewer;
The anſwer is this to the queſtion you put,
She found one *entire*, and the other *all butt*.

On a country Cobler.

Beneath this green hillock lies honeſt Dick Hall,
Whoſe ſervice was courted by fair, brown, nay all;
For his life was employ'd to keep, in foul weather,
All harm from your feet by the ſtrength of his leather:
His wax was ſo ſmooth, his ends were ſo ſtrong,
His workmanſhip good, and ſo pleaſing his ſong,
That the neighbours would oft' at his ſtall liſten hours,
To hear Derry down—Hearts of Oak—Social Powers;
And tho' it ſeems ſtrange, for truth tis well known,
He'd repair others' ſoles, but neglected his own;
Yet wiſhing the future might better the paſt,
He liv'd ſixty years and then—Death ſtole his laſt

On a Tomb-ſtone, at Fiſcard, in Wales, on two little Papys.

Here lies two papes as tead as nits,
Whom *Cot* took hence *py agey fits*:
They were to coot to ſtay with we,
And ſo they're con to lif with he.

On Ben Johnſon's Buſt, ſet up in Weſtminſter-Abbey, with the Buttons on the wrong ſide of the Coat.

O rare Ben Johnſon! what a turn-coat grown,
Thou ne'er wert ſuch till thou wert clad in ſtone:
When time thy coat, thy only coat impairs,
Thou'lt find a patron in an hundred years:
Then let not this miſtake diſturb thy ſprite,
Another age ſhall ſet thy buttons right.

In Folkſtone Church Yard.

An houſe he hath, tis made of ſuch good faſhiŏn,
The tenant ne'er ſhall pay for reparation;
Nor will his landlord ever raiſe his rent,
Nor turn him out of doors for non-payment:
From heavy taxes too this cell is free;
To ſuch a houſe who would not tenant be?

On Jonathan Payn, of the Bath Theatre.

Beneath lies lamented the manes of *Payn*,
Bereſt of what's *giddy*, *gay*, *thoughtleſs*, or vain:
Of *Payn* who was pleaſure's gay ſon thro' the year,
But for Payn *pleaſure* droops, and ſhe now ſheds a tear:
In *autumn* Payn *wither'd*—in *winter* Payn *died*,
Thus *Summers'** ſweet ſunſhine to Payn was deny'd;
A dart from grim *death* enter'd Payn's honeſt breaſt,
And a *Dart*† of religion conſign'd him to reſt.

* He courted Miſs Summers, of the Bath Theatre.

† Parſon Dart, who attended the funeral

In a window of a room in the Tower of London it wrote,

R. Walpole, 1712.

Underneath that are the following Lines.

Good unexpected, evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as fortune ſhifts the ſcene;
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again,
And fall ſo hard, they bound to riſe again.

Pinned to a ſheet, in which a Woman ſtood to do pennance in the Church.

Here ſtand I, for whores as great,
To caſt a ſcornful eye on:
Should each whore here be doom'd a ſheet,
You'd ſoon want one to lie on.

Epigram—by Dr. Young.

As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So wit is by politeneſs ſharpeſt ſet;
Their want of edge from their offence is ſeen;
Both pain us leaſt when exquiſitely keen.

Under the Print of Tom Briton, the muſical Small-coal Man.

Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell,
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell;
Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And muſic warbled in her ſweeteſt ſtrain:
Cyllenius ſo, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing gueſts to poor Palemon's grove.
Let uſeleſs pomp behold, and bluſh to find
So low a ſtation, ſuch a lib'ral mind.

The diſappointed Huſband.

My ſickly ſpouſe, with many a ſigh,
Oft' tells me, 'Billy I ſhall die:'
I griev'd, but recollected ſtrait,
'Tis bootleſs to contend with fate:
So reſignation to heaven's will
Prepar'd me for ſucceeding ill;
'Twas well it did, for, on my life,
'Twas heaven's will to ſpare my wife.

From the Latin.

Unhappy, Dido, was thy fate,
In firſt and ſecond wedded ſtate:
One huſband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

Lines written under a Print of the firſt Machine for weaving of Stockings, which was invented by a diſappointed Lover, who was in love with a Stocking Knitter.

Of all the arts that human wit can boaſt,
Conceiv'd by labour, or improv'd by coſt,
None can unto the judging world appear,
More wond'rous than the frame depicted here;
Six thouſand pieces does the whole contain,
Th' unwearied taſk of one poor lover's brain,
Who in revenge to female ſlights was mov'd
To ſpoil the knitting of the dame he lov'd:
May each deſponding lover penſive grow,
And, when diſdain'd, the like reſentment ſhew.

On two indifferent Songsters.

What ear, ye ſyrens, can endure the peſt
Of a man roaring like a ſtorm at Weſt?

Or who can bear, that hath an ear at all,
To hear ſome hoyden Miſs for ev'ning's ſquall?
Give me, ye Gods! my cabbin free from care,
And jugging nightingales in darkling air.

Found ſtuck on the Statue of the Moor, which ſupports the Sun Dial, in Clement's-Inn.

In vain, poor ſable ſon of woe,
Thou ſeek'ſt the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here:
From cannibals thou fled'ſt in vain;
Lawyers leſs quarter give;
The firſt won't eat you till you're ſlain,
The laſt will do't alive.

Written in a Lady's Prayer Book.

In vain, Clarinda, night and day
For mercy to the gods you pray;
What arrogance on heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all.

On ſome Snow which melted in a Lady's Breaſt.

The envious ſnow comes down in haſte
To prove thy breaſt leſs fair;
But grieves to ſee itſelf ſurpaſt,
And melts into a tear.

The French Poets.

When old Elijah, as the ſcriptures ſay,
Triumphant mounted on the realm of day,
His ſpirit doubled, and his cloak beſide,
He gave Eliſha, by long ſervice try'd.

Triſtan

Triſtan from hence would fain example take
For honeſt Quinault, his diſciples take:
But this, alas! injurious fate deny'd,
For Triſtan poorer than a prophet dy'd.
To Quinault thus the bard expiring ſpoke,
'My wit I leave thee—but I have no cloak.'

Doctor Aldrich's five reaſons for Drinking.

Good wine—a friend—or, being dry—
Or, leſt we ſhould be by and by—
Or, any other reaſon why.

Written by Rocheſter on the Bed Chamber Door of Charles II.

Here lies our ſovereign lord the King,
Whoſe word no man relies on;
He never ſays a fooliſh thing,
Nor ever does a wiſe one.

By the ſame to a Lady.

That little patch upon pour face,
Would ſeem a foil to one leſs fair;
On you it hides a killing grace;
And you in pity plac'd it there.

The Mancheſter Millers, named Bone and Skin.

Bone and Skin, two Millers thin,
Would ſtarve us all, or near it:
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That fleſh and blood can't bear it.

By Sir G. Lyttleton.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brighteſt fair,
But love can hope where reaſon would deſpair.

Queſtion.

Friend Iſaac, 'tis ſtrange you that live ſo near Bray,
Shou'd not ſet up the ſign of the Vicar;
Tho' it may be an odd one, you cannot but ſay,
It muſt needs be a ſign of good liquor.

Anſwer.

Indeed, Maſter Poet, your reaſon's but poor,
For the Vicar would think it a ſin,
To ſtay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a ſign 'twas bad liquor within.

Giles Jolt.

Giles Jolt as ſleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggiſh pilf'rers ſtole his team away.
Giles wakes and cries—what's here? Odſdickin! what!
Why how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've loſt ſix geldings to my ſmart
If not—odſbuddikins I've found a cart.

By Aaron Hill.

Tender-handed ſtroke a nettle,
And it ſtings you for your pains;
Graſp it like a man of mettle,
And it ſoft as ſilk remains:
'Tis the ſame with common natures;
Uſe 'em kindly they rebel:
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

On Marc Angelo's famous Piece of the Crucifixion, who ſtabbed a Perſon that he might do it more naturally. Dr. Young.

Whilſt his Redeemer on the canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artiſt cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mein;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies;
He ſtudies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouze up every pang repeats the blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh! glorious theft! Oh! nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wond'rous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts in horror loſt.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat.

And is Miſs Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives expir'd?
What ſounds ſo moving, as her own, can tell
How Tabby dy'd, how full of play ſhe fell!
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful ſtrife,
And every muſe ſhall celebrate a life.

On a Regiment ſent to Oxford, and a preſent of Books to Cambridge, by King George I.

The King obſerving with judicious eyes,
The ſtate of both his Univerſities,
To one he ſent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty:
To th' other he ſent books, as well diſcerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Anſwered

Anſwered by Sir William Browne.

The King to Oxford ſent his troop of horſe,
For tories own no argument but force: —
With equal care to Cambridge books he ſent,
For whigs allow no force but argument.

Dean Swift's Curate.

I marc'd three miles in ſcorching ſand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to great St. Mary;
Uſing four legs when two was weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the cloſe bands of pleaſing Hymen;
I dipt two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
Which, thund'ring out with lungs long winded,
I chop'd ſo faſt that few were minded.
My emblem the laborious ſun,
Saw all theſe mighty labours done,
Before the race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit;
What mortal elſe could e'er go through it.

Verſes occaſioned by Mr. Aikman's Death.

As thoſe we love decay, we die in part,
String after ſtring is ſever'd from the heart;
Till looſen'd life, at laſt but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who lateſt feels the blow,
Whoſe eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
'Till, dying, all he can reſign is breath.

By Dean Swift.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you will there's nobody ar home.

To the Rev. Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Straddiſhall, Suffolk.

Thus ſafely low, my friend, thou can'ſt not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noiſe, no care, no vanity, no ſtrife,
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life:
Then keep each paſſion down, however dear;
Truſt me the tender are the moſt ſevere.
Guard while 'tis thine, thy philoſophic eaſe,
And aſk no more but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the ſtorms of fate:
High bliſs is only for a higher ſtate.

By Dr. Doddridge on his Motto,

'Dum vivimus, vivamus.'

Live while you live, the epicure will ſay,
And take the pleaſure of the preſent day:
Live while you live, the ſacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.—
Lord, in my view let both united be,
I live in pleaſure when I live to thee.

On the publication of Mrs. Rowe's Poems ſince her Death.

Thus Philomela ſung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the riſing ſoul reſtrain'd:
Now the freed ſpirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And to her God in ſtrains more ſoft, more ſtrong;
There only could ſhe learn a loftier ſong.

By Lord Lanſdowne.

Believe me, Chloe, thoſe perfumes, that coſt
Such ſums to ſweeten thee, is treaſure loſt;
Not all Arabia would ſufficient be;
Thou ſmell'ſt not of thy ſweets, they ſtink of thee.

On a Bee ſtifled in Honey.

From flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the bleſt buſy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil ſhe gains,
Is in the ſweets ſhe hoards to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's ſoft ſweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taſte wiſely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep deſtroy.

On the Statue of Niobe.

To ſtone the Gods have chang'd her—but in vain—
The ſculptor's art has made her breathe again.

To a young Gentleman.

Nature has done her part: do thou but thine;
Learning and ſenſe let decency refine:
For vain applauſe tranſgreſs not virtue's rules,
A witty ſinner is the worſt of fools.

Upon the Buſts of the Engliſh Worthies at Stow.

Among theſe chiefs of Britiſh race,
Who live in breathing ſtone,
Why has not Cobham's buſt a place?
The ſtructure was his own.

Under

Under the Statue of a Water Nymph, at Stourhead, Somerſet.

Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep:
Ah! ſpare my numbers! gently tread the cave,
Or drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave.

The Muſical Conteſt.

Some ſay that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel's a mere ninny:
Others aver, that, to him, Handel
Is ſcarcely fit to hold a candle:
Strange that ſuch diff'rence there ſhould be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

On a bad Tranſlation.

His work now done, he'll publiſh it, no doubt,
For ſure I am that murder will come out.

The Lawyer and Client.

Two lawyers, when a knotty cauſe was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before;
'Zounds!' ſays the client, 'pr'ythee how come yaw
'To be ſuch friends, who were ſuch foes juſt naw?'
Thou fool, ſays one, we lawyers, tho' ſo keen,
Like ſhears, ne'er cut ourſelves, but what's between.

Dialogue between an old Incumbent and the Perſon promiſed the next Preſentation.

I'm glad to ſee you well. O faithleſs breath!
What, glad to ſee me well, and wiſh my death?
No more, replies the youth, Sir, this miſgiving,
I wiſh not for your death, but for your living.

CONUNDRUMS.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a bad pen like a wicked man?
Becauſe it wants mending.
Why is a good ſermon like a plumb pudding?
Becauſe there are reaſons in it.
Why is a taylor like a ſprout?
Becauſe he will cabbage.
Where ſhould a lady clap her hands, if a man ſhould enter a room when ſhe's quite naked?
On the man's eyes.
Why is a talkative fellow like a ſheep's head?
Becauſe he is all jaw.
Why is a king like a ſteeple?
Becauſe he is the head of the church.
Why are the city patriots like a light guinea?
Becauſe they want weight.
Why is beauty like a flower?
Becauſe it fades.
Why is a dancing-maſter like a cook?
Becauſe he cuts capers.
Why is a company of ladies like a ring of bells?
Becauſe their clappers go merrily.
Why is a looking glaſs like experience?
Becauſe it lets you ſee yourſelf.
Why is a lady, when painted, like a pirate?
Becauſe ſhe hangs out falſe colours.

Why is a milkman like a ſailor?
Becauſe he gets his bread by water.
Why is ſwearing like an old coat?
Becauſe it is a bad habit.
Why is a madman like two men?
Becauſe he is one beſide himſelf.
Why is money like a whip?
Becauſe it makes the mare go.
Why is a picture like a member of parliament?
Becauſe it is a repreſentative.
Why is the Houſe of Commons like an account-book?
Becauſe there are many cyphers in it.
Why is a parſon's gown like charity?
Becauſe it covers a multitude of ſins.
Why is a grave-digger like a waterman?
Becauſe he handles ſculls.
Why have elephant's teeth been the ruin of many families?
Becauſe dice are made of them.
Why do fantaſtical ladies admire fops?
Becauſe they keep their follies in countenance.
Why are concave glaſſes like liars?
Becauſe they will magnify.
Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?
Becauſe it is out of the head.
What kind of water is moſt deceitful?
Woman's tears.
Why are the ſtocks like a paper kite?
Becauſe they are raiſed, lowered, and kept up by the wind.
Why are biſhops called overſeers?
Becauſe they overlook their flock, eſpecially themſelves.
Who was the firſt man that bore arms?
Adam.

FINIS

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